

C O M E D Y

OCT. 1979

\$1.50

# NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

**NOT IN THIS ISSUE:**

**JOHN BELUSHI**

**LILY TOMLIN**

**ANDY KAUFMAN**

**STEVE MARTIN**



# The SEAGRAM'S GIN Perfect Martini.



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just pour Seagram's Gin  
gently over ice and  
forget the vermouth.  
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in moderation.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.

# How to select a sound system for your car, boat or plane.

## Audiovox candidly reveals what you should look for, listen to and beware of.

By Robert Harris, Technical Director

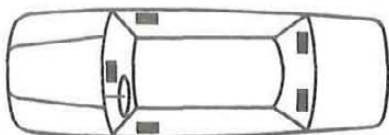
**Y**ou are confronted by everything from \$50 AM radios to \$1,000 high fidelity systems. Where should you shop? How much do you really need to spend? Read on as Audiovox throws some light on the subject.

Audiovox aims to provide American motorists with a level of sound reproduction previously attained only in the home - through a range of more than 139 systems and components.

### Where to buy.

Manufacturers with a limited range of products need to sell *all* of their products to *all* types of stores.

Audiovox, on the other hand, markets 3 totally *different* product groups. The regular group - providing superior sound reproduction at a reasonable price and available through conventional retailers, chain stores, and catalogs; the S.P.S. (Special Performance Series) featuring original equipment styling and features - available only from new car dealers; and the Hi-Comp group - a complete line of "state of the art" components, available through car stereo specialists.



### How much good sound should cost these days.

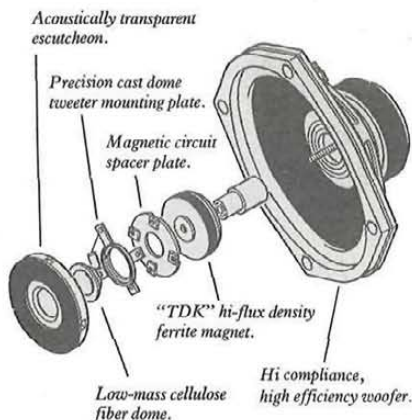
You can pick up a basic AM radio for about \$50. The average cassette or cartridge player with built-in AM/FM radio and two good speakers will cost about \$150. And if you want to shoot the works, Audiovox builds an electronically-tuned receiver/cassette player with auto-reverse, the HC65 speaker system, a 60-watts-per-channel amplifier, plus Dolby®, Cr0<sub>2</sub> switch, parametric equalizer, etc. for around \$950. (Installation charges excluded.)

### Speakers - Facts you should know.

As with home hi-fi, speakers are the most important component of a mobile sound system.

The key issue is *compatibility*. With power out-puts of 60 watts per channel

and up, an inappropriate set of speakers will blow out. If you play your Audiovox receiver/amplifier through power-matched Audiovox speakers, the performance of the system will be optimized to the fullest.



The Audio Dome™ 6" x 9" speaker system.

### More than 15 years of specialized experience.

Audiovox sound systems have a remarkable pedigree. The single-minded pursuit of superior sound in automobiles has never been diluted by diversification. The state of the Audiovox art is superior mobile sound systems.

For further information, write to R. Harris, Dept. NL, Audiovox, 150 Marcus Blvd., Hauppauge, New York 11787.



The Hi-Comp HCM0010: Electronically-tuned AM/FM/MPX radio, auto reverse cassette, Dolby®, plus 10 other hi-fidelity features.

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Micro-processor controlled electronic synthesizer ensures drift-free locked-in tuning

Precision calibrated Dolby® Noise Reduction circuits for accurate playback response

Motor Driven Fader control

Low distortion audio pre-amp circuits: typically less than 0.3% THD

Solid state electronically governed tape speed control

High visibility LED display of radio frequency or quartz regulated time

Phase-Lock Loop FM quadrature detector for maximum stereo separation

Dual-gate MOS/FET FM Front end for superb sensitivity and low noise reception

Patented design panel controls 39 individual functions

Computer-grade micro-touch tuner function switches

Switchable 120/70  $\mu$ sec. tape equalization for Cr0<sub>2</sub> and Metal Tape compatibility

Hard Permalloy Tape Head for reduced wear and extended frequency response

Precision drive auto-reverse cassette mechanism

Audiovox autosound systems are designed and developed by the audio research laboratories of Shintum Co., Ltd., Yokohama, Japan.



**PY-1280**  
**PL-610**  
**X-980**  
**RT-701**  
**SX-580**  
**SX-1080**  
**X-9500**  
**TX-9500**  
**PL-540**  
**CT-F500**  
**SX-680**  
**8800**  
**PL-630**  
**TX-8800**  
**PL-615**

PIONEER MONTH SALE!

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# THE GREATEST NAME IN HI-FI ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST EVENT IN HI-FI.

A great high fidelity system is very easy on the ears, but not always very easy on the budget.

But now, for this month only, you can buy Pioneer high fidelity components for savings unlikely to be repeated.

For the first time in history you can take advantage of the great Pioneer Month Sale.

Pioneer has reduced many prices to our dealers for this sale to make it possible for them to pass these savings on to you.

Every receiver has been specially priced. Including the industry's best selling SX-780, which critics say, "has a level of performance that's hard to distinguish from that of much more expensive receivers."

Every quartz turntable. Including Pioneer's high-end PL-630.

Even our PL-518, already considered by many to be the best engineered direct drive turntable for the money, has been specially priced.

The great Pioneer Month Sale also covers tape decks. Including the hottest selling deck of the year, the CTF-900, featuring Fluroscan metering. Our latest series of amps and tuners. Speakers. Head-phones. Even add-ons. Like our TV tuner that brings big screen sound to the little screen.

Most people think they have to wait till January to afford the component they wanted to give in December. But not anymore.

So if the component you set your heart on costs an arm and a leg, come to your local Pioneer dealer during Pioneer Month Sale. You'll find the item that was once out of reach is now within your grasp.

Pioneer Month Sale is only at your participating Pioneer dealer. Look for the Pioneer Month Sale wall poster or banner in your dealer's window. It will direct you to Pioneer Month Sale, that's really the sale of the year.

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# I BECAME A GENIUS FOR \$29.95.

Only yesterday, I was a mathematical moron. I thought they studied square roots in botany.

But with my new Casio College FX-80 calculator I can calculate like another Einstein.

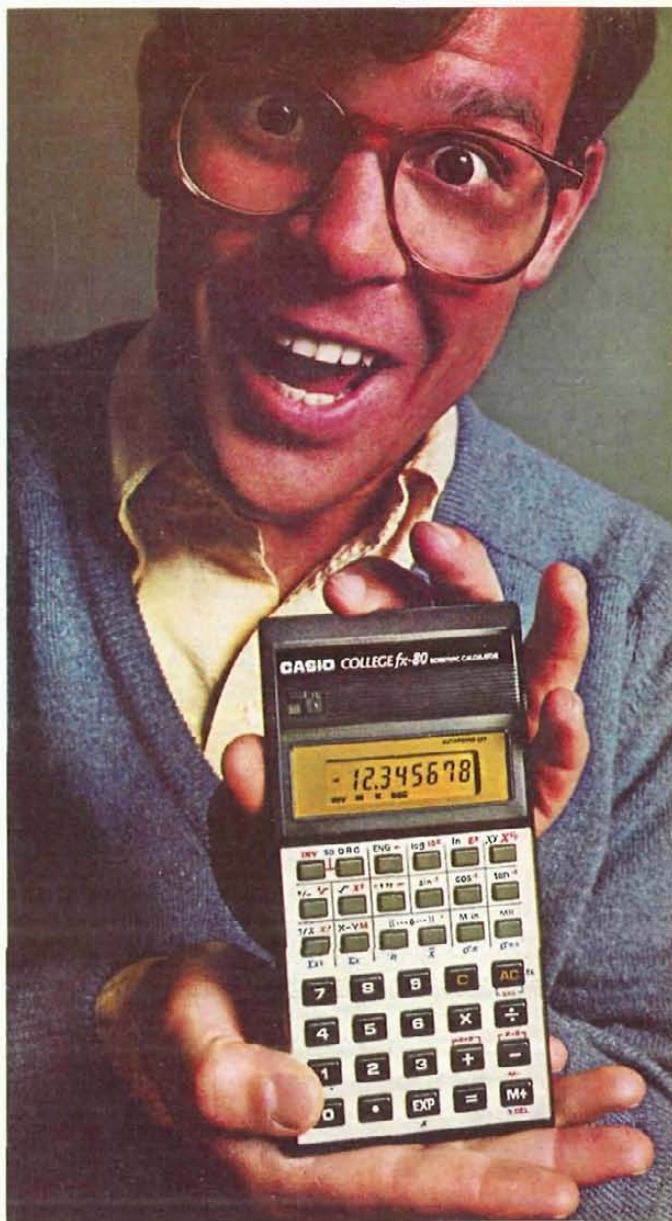
The FX-80 computes everything from square roots and factorials to polar-to-rectangular/rectangular-to-polar conversion. Not to mention standard deviation, perfect algebraic logic and all standard scientific functions.

Its independent memory certainly outperforms my own.

It has 4,000 hours of battery life. Along with an automatic power off feature that saves battery consumption. And it comes with a simple instruction booklet that anyone can understand.

So with very little effort, I can solve all kinds of complex math problems. Except one.

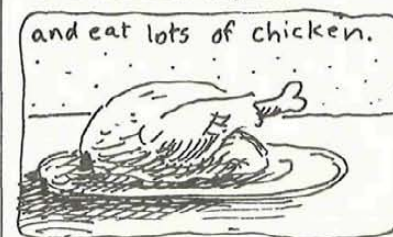
How can Casio offer such an incredible calculator for only \$29.95?



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R. Choat



# FIGHT



It's a jungle out there. Especially out on the street. That's why car stereos have it so rough. They're subject to attacks of Fuzzzzz. Fading. Overlapping Stations. And something called "Picket Fencing" — the fft-fft-fft you hear when you drive past tall buildings.

To combat these problems, Craig engineers designed a line of receivers to deliver clear, clean reception in a moving car — The Road-Rated Receivers®. They're the first car stereos with "Moving Specs."

In other words, Fuzzzzz, Fade and fft-fft no more.

Road-Rated Receivers from Craig. Test drive one at your Craig dealer.

**CRAIG**®  
Road-Rated Receivers



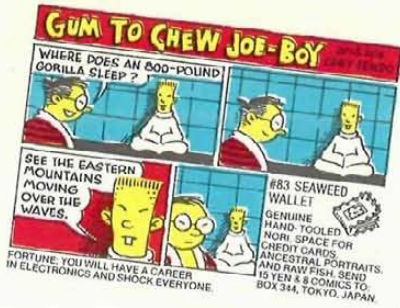
# E D I T

A few weeks ago, when I was looking for an apartment, I saw an ad offering one for sale at less than half the going price in that part of town. There had to be a catch, so I called a real-estate friend of mine who had about five hundred listings last year, which in the real-estate business is next to phenomenal, and he told me he was vaguely familiar with the property because the tenants had recently formed a cooperative association and bought the building from their landlord. My friend said the place was built before the turn of the century and was in poor condition, which led me to theorize the occupants were obscure, low-income types who'd probably lived there for thirty years, finally battled their greedy, oppressive landlord in court and won, and were now in the midst of a half-baked attempt to take charge of their paltry lives. I also supposed they were foreigners, because foreign people are usually most inclined to living in the same depressing apartment for thirty years at a stretch.

Like I said, the price was a steal, so I answered the ad. The building was ordinary for its period: gray stone with ornate cornices and a pillared entry. It

needed sandblasting; decorative bars were bent and dangling from the windows; some windows were covered with newspaper or simply painted black. The tiny foyer was floored with lumpy, peeling black-and-white tile. I could see the place hadn't been kept up in years—windowpanes had sunken in their frames, and the frames were bonded shut with oily dirt and perhaps a dozen coats of paint. The names on the mailboxes all sounded like families and were written in identical form: "The Zolos," "The Pierres," "The Mendinis," "The Marquises."

There was no sign indicating which apartment was for sale, so I walked up a narrow, warped flight of stairs to an apartment on the second floor and knocked on the door. The smell was abnormally rank, even for an old, dirty building. After a great deal of thumping and clanging that seemed to come from all parts of the apartment, the door was opened by a little chimpanzee who wore a sweatshirt reading GIVE AN APE A GRAPE. I poked my head into the room over the chimp's head and saw several more chimps seated around a junky, crowded living room filled with overstuffed furniture, old TVs, and hundreds of curios and pieces of bric-a-brac packed into every



# R I A L

niche and stacked on every table.

The chimp at the door motioned me to come in, as all the others looked at me and flashed crazy, molar-filled grins. I soon realized there were no people in the apartment—just a group of chimps, all dressed in sport shirts and Hawaiian muumuus, relaxing in front of a badly aligned television. The picture was rolling, and the sound was fuzzy, as if the speaker had been punctured. One of the chimps, apparently a "girl," brought me a mug of water, balancing it on her finger, while another, larger, slower-moving chimp, who I thought might be their leader, walked to the fireplace and pointed above the mantle. Every square inch of it was jammed with brightly painted figurines and religious statues, and above them was a 1940s broadside printed in Italian. From what I could make out, the poster advertised a comedy chimp act. The old chimp then pointed to himself and the others.

A girl chimp in a flowered hat grabbed my hand and insistently tugged me down the hall to what looked like a young boy's bedroom. There were car models on a shelf and circus posters on the wall. The "boy" was yet another chimp who seemed to be in the middle of assembling a crys-

tal radio set. He was too engrossed in his project to pay much attention to me, but after some prodding by his sister he produced one of those pocket language computers that display translations of words that are punched on the keyboard. In essence, the chimp could talk.

He told me that he and the rest of his chimp family had performed in circuses and on television throughout Europe until the public's interest in chimp comedy declined and their trainer moved them to the United States in hopes of better luck. The trainer died a couple of years later, and the chimps maintained the apartment ever since. He said the rest of the building was filled with obsolete circus families, including several other chimp acts like themselves. "Dad" and "Mom" chimp brought me a scrapbook, which was one of the truly amazing volumes I'd ever seen. These guys did it all. Unicycles, motorcycles, cowboy outfits, cream pies, everything. At one time, the chimps had a small fire truck they'd pedal into the big ring to put out a flaming hoop. Cranking the siren and waving giant fireman hats, they would carry on for fifteen minutes with a bit where none of them could get the hose to work. Naturally,

continued on page 15





Sirs:

All that's missing from U.S. foreign policy is the word *so*. Like when someone says, "The U.S. supports dictatorships." The U.S. says, *So?*

"The U.S. is racist!" *So?* Get my drift?  
General Ivan Burkey  
(Self-appointed)  
Livonia, Mich.

Sirs:

Guess where I'm hiding? I'll give you a clue.

Idi Amin Dada  
Libya

Sirs:

I just realize, I forgot to give you the clue about where I am hiding. Oh boy, I am one dumb guy for forgetting like that. Next time I will not forget. Is

more fun when I tell you the clue.

Idi Amin Dada  
Hotel Ben Sharmoota  
Libya

Sirs:

Okay, here is the clue where I am hiding. It has four walls, a window, and a door, and it faces east when it prays. That's all I tell you. Okay, smart guys, try to catch me.

Idi Amin Dada  
Room 537, Hotel Ben Sharmoota  
Libya

Sirs:

I'll tell you something—you really have to give those old Jewish broads a lot of credit. No WASP woman at the age of sixty-five would bother to stuff herself into a tight pair of Calvin Klein jeans, totter along on spike heels, spend all night at a disco, and wear blouses open to the waist attempting to look like she's fifty. They deserve a lot of credit.

Donald W. Barnett  
33 Betsy Ross Blvd.  
Industry Valley, Cal.

Sirs:

About that story called "Interview with the Thirty-five-Year-Old Man." Is

it a put-on? I mean, most everything he says is true. I don't get it.

M. Brooks  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Some clarification is in order. "Greg Bull," one of the funniest people Mr. Sussman ever met, stole all of his material from a guy named Quigley, who was a hopeless junkie. Quigley stole his stuff from Dennis Hopper, and Dennis got his mostly from Terry Southern. Funniness is an oral tradition, which is stolen from friend to friend.

Mason Hoffenberg  
Martinville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Everybody knows radial tires unravel at speeds above 55 mph. If you wise guys weren't in such a hurry, there wouldn't be any problem.

Jimmy Stewart  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Your presidente goof when he here so we make deal without him. You send us muy blond muchachos to fock; we send you mucho oil.

Vaselino Hernandez  
Presidente, PEMEX  
Chancre de Cristo, Mexico

Sirs:

I don't know if this is of any interest to you, but since I enjoy your magazine so damn much I thought I'd let you know about it. If it's of interest, then, great, I feel good. After oral sex with a strange woman, you should sprinkle a little baking soda on your moustache. Nothing tips off a wife to hanky-panky better than a 'stache that smells of "romance."

Glen Burdock  
Sierra Vista, Ariz.

Sirs:

Here's a good one on me. I just heard it at the West Point reunion banquet. What do Margaret Trudeau and Julie Nixon Eisenhower have in common? *Answer:* they both blow a little dope. Whew!

David Eisenhower  
The Foxhole  
San Clemente, Cal.

Sirs:

You recently cited Peter Frampton's *Frampton Comes Alive* as the most popular record album of all time. 'Fraid not, folks—that disc has been sup-

continued on page 14

## IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A GREAT GUITAR. YOU AND YAMAHA.

The Yamaha line of Classic and Folk guitars is just as much yours as it is ours, because you helped us design them.

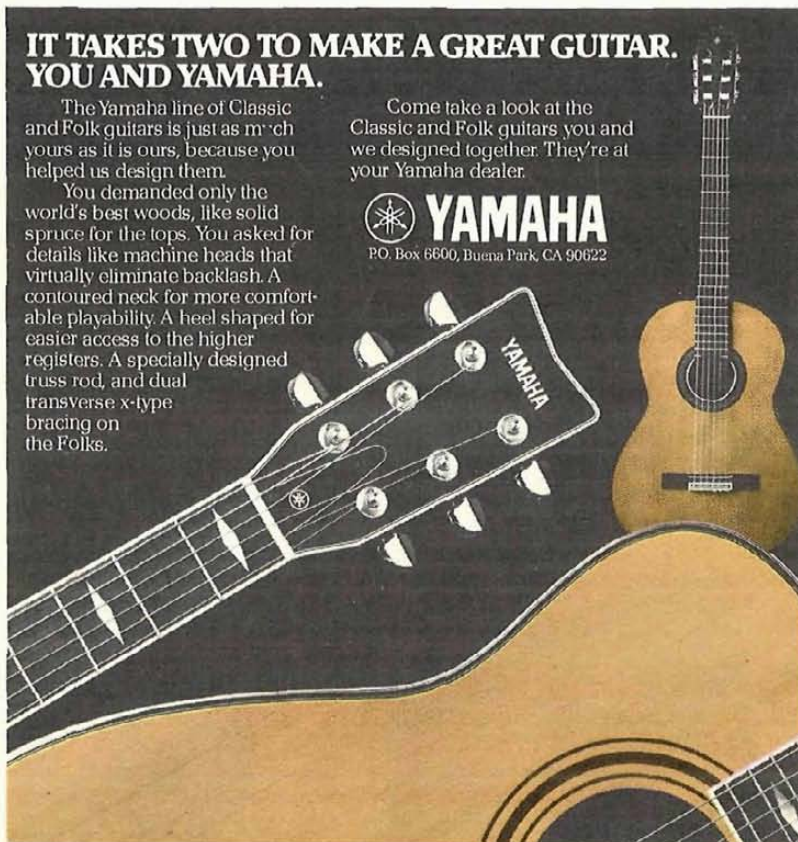
You demanded only the world's best woods, like solid spruce for the tops. You asked for details like machine heads that virtually eliminate backlash. A contoured neck for more comfortable playability. A heel shaped for easier access to the higher registers. A specially designed truss rod, and dual transverse x-type bracing on the Folks.

Come take a look at the Classic and Folk guitars you and we designed together. They're at your Yamaha dealer.



**YAMAHA**

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**“White rum on the rocks is really catching on.  
But why not—we Puerto Ricans have always considered it a classic.”**  
TV Producer Adolfo Flores, and his wife Julie.

Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks is definitely an inspired drink. It's perfectly clear and superbly dry.

And you'll also notice a remarkable smoothness not to be found in gin or vodka.

Puerto Rican white rum also mixes beautifully with tonic, orange juice or soda. And makes a superbly dry, clean-tasting martini.

That's because Puerto Rican white rum is aged, by law, for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

**Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.**

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**  
Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL6, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

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# When your taste Winston out-

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar",  
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A man with short brown hair, wearing a red and black plaid shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is smiling and looking slightly to the left, holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is a vibrant sunset with orange and red hues, and a dark evergreen tree is visible on the right side. The overall mood is relaxed and outdoorsy.

**grows up,  
tastes them all.**

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend  
of the choicest, richest tobaccos  
tastes this full and satisfying.

**Winston after Winston.**



## LETTERS

continued from page 10

planted by Donna Summer's triple titanium LP (600 million units shipped) entitled *I Do the Dip (When There's Cum on the Dance Floor)*. It's theoretically possible for everyone living under the umbrella of the NATO agreement to own a copy of Ms. Summer's album. And for your information, smart guys, "concept album" and disco are not mutually exclusive terms.

Vince Spumoni  
Elektra/Asylum/Hunt/  
Wesson Records  
Coffers' Flow, Cal.

Sirs:

I like going on trips and living in the White House most of the time. What I don't like is that Mommy looks at me a lot. She has funny eyes. She had them fixed once, but now they look funny again. Maybe the sewing broke or maybe they are filled up with pus, I don't know. I just don't like to have her look at me with them. Maybe she will read this and stop.

Amy  
Second Floor  
White House

Sirs:

Them honky bastards say Soul City not doin' good don't know shit! We doin' real good. You liberal brothers keep sendin' down loose change and Kools, and we do all right.

Floyd McKissick  
Soul City, N.C.

Sirs:

If you haven't heard or seen anything about me for a while, don't despair. I'll be back on the Carson show as soon as I polish my new act. I give my dummy an enema while snorting coke and singing "MacArthur Park" (disco version).

The amazing thing is that the dummy's eyes don't even roll back in his head. Mine do, sometimes, but his don't.

Albert Brooks  
c/o Comedy Store (Basement)  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:

I am the guy who figured out the exact angle to photograph Linda Ronstadt's face so her nose will look OK. It took six months of day and night calculations, and I had to invent an entirely new form of geometry in

the process. They still have to jiggle the print under the enlarger to get the final distortion, but I'm the guy who made it all possible.

Rudi Metzenheim  
California Institute of Technology  
California

Sirs:

You'll be glad to know that I'm still plugging away at my Bicentennial series. I am into the twentieth century now, and have finished *The Mother-fucker* and will start *The Cocksucker* as soon as my wife gets back with another couple of reams of paper.

John Jakes  
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

Here's a great idea! Rent a dentist to appear at one of your dinner parties! He'll stare at all your guests' teeth, entertain them with estimates of how many mouths he's looked into, dredge up reminiscences of great root canals he's performed, crow about his yacht and his six-month vacations, and get off a few good ones about funny experiences with troublesome bicuspid.

Dr. Murray Krankbein  
"Concepts"  
American Dental Association

Sirs:

Farther and farther up the schedule, deeper and deeper into the tangled green hell of the budget, ever onward into the dark pounding heart of my obsession with greatness, searching for a mysterious epic film until I find it. And shoot it. Shoot it and shoot it until it's dead.

Francis Ford Coppola  
Somewhere in the steaming terrain  
where men find art

Sirs:

Okay, goddamn it, that's it! That's the last straw. All my life I've been suppressing a tremendous urge to kill people. I'm a latent homicidal maniac and I've worked like a demon to keep myself under control. I handled all that hippie shit and the homosexuals all over everywhere, including my own apartment building. But I can't keep it in anymore. Not when people are paying fifty dollars to dance with roller skates on. That's too much. That I can't handle. I've loaded my .357 with shells soaked in poison, and I'm on my way down to the Rollertheque. Don't wait up.

D.

## Scott puts out.



## Because Scott puts more in.

No matter what your listening preference, Scott Controlled Impedance speakers will make your whole sound system sound better. Unlike many other makers, Scott custom designs and acoustically tailors every speaker component to give you accurate frequency response, high efficiency, and extra power handling capacity. After all, the sound you get out depends on what we put in.

But listen for yourself.

For more information on Scott Controlled Impedance speakers, or on our entire audio line, see your nearest Scott dealer or write H.H. Scott, Inc., 20 Commerce Way, Dept. AS, Woburn, MA 01801.

**SCOTT**  
The Name to listen to.  
Makers of high quality high fidelity equipment since 1947.



## EDITORIAL

continued from page 9

one would look into the nozzle and a blast of water would send him tumbling backward to the delight of the audience.

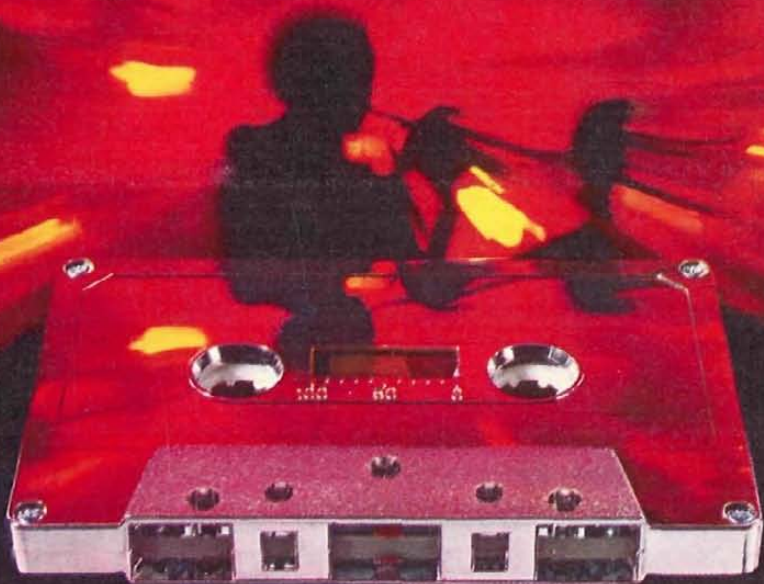
The chimps did Sheriff Black Bart sketches, nasty landlord sketches, all of them—apparently better than a lot of human performers. The youngster with the digital translator said they were even doing avant-garde ethnic material toward the late fifties, in a last try to revive their career. Just then, one of the family rolled in a horn-o-phone, or whatever they call those graduated series of horns that can be played as an instrument, and began honking, "Way down upon the Swanee River," which incited another chimp to begin a routine where he mimicked a Negro eating a watermelon, spitting the seeds in his hand. He then played the poor, confused darky trying to figure out what to do with the seeds. He looked at his pockets, but the seeds were too messy. He thought about tossing them under the rug, or putting them in his ears, and finally decided on hiding them in a cream pitcher. Then, with perfect timing, Dad chimp shuffled into the room, whistling as if he was unaware of what had happened, and poured from the pitcher into his coffee. After a wide-eyed triple take, he and the rest of the chimps turned to me with big smiles on their faces to see if I enjoyed the bit.

Mom chimp, evidently realizing the time, changed the channel on the TV and adjusted a pair of tinfoil flags on its aerial. Martina Navratilova was playing Virginia Wade in a Virginia Slims tennis tournament, and the chimps in the muumuus quickly gathered around the set. The kid with the computer told me the rest of the family had to put up with the tennis every Sunday. Not wishing to linger, I stood up to leave. As Dad politely escorted me to the door, one of the kids offered me a rotten pear to take with me.

Although I decided not to live in the building, I drove by a few months later to see how the chimp family was doing. Presumably, the bank had foreclosed their mortgage, because all the apartments were abandoned and the building was for sale. All that remained was a worn, yellowed cartoon tacked to the chimps' kitchen wall. It showed a parent centipede teaching a child centipede how to walk. As the child gingerly lifted all of his left legs, the parent said, "Don't think about it, just do it."

T.C.

# The amazing music machine.



On the surface, most cassettes look pretty much alike. You have to look beneath the surface to understand why one tape sounds better than another. Of course, there's the tape itself. Equally important is the mechanism which must move that tape evenly and precisely.

TDK's cassette mechanisms are conceived and executed to tolerances measured in microns—one millionth of a meter. Many of our innovations have been copied, but some are still unique to us.

And TDK is a leader in tape technology, too, having produced the first high fidelity cassette back in 1968. The result of this wedding of tape to mechanism is a line of cas-

settes unsurpassed in sound or reliability, like TDK's improved D, which is perfect for use in any home, car or portable deck.

When you consider how much precision engineering goes into TDK D, you won't be surprised when you hear how much great music comes out of it. But when you compare its price to any other premium cassette on the market, you'll truly understand why we call it "the amazing music machine."

**TDK**  
Audio Cassettes



Get an amazing deal  
on the amazing music machine.  
Buy TDK D in multi-packs and save.\*

© 1979 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, New York 11530 \*At your participating TDK dealer.

# Has Pioneer gone to

Pioneer technology has become so sophisticated that today, buying a car stereo may seem more complicated than buying a car.

Our current line consists of 80 pieces of car stereo equipment. A far cry from the days when autosound meant an AM radio or an 8-track player.

Well, seeing as there's so much going on at your Pioneer dealer right now. And seeing as the time has never been riper to get your



KPX-9500. AM/FM cassette deck, with Dolby\* on tape and FM.

ears into our kind of stereo, the purpose of this ad is to give you an up-to-the-minute overview of Pioneer Super-systems.

By the time you finish reading, you'll be as far along as we are.

## Basic Training

You're looking at our best-seller. The KP-8005.

Featuring our ingenious Supertuner® AM/FM circuitry. A cassette deck and an amplifier, all in one compact system. It's typical of



KP-8005.

Our most wanted deck. AM/FM Supertuner® Car Stereo with Cassette.

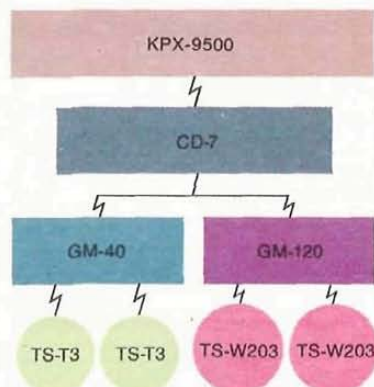
our broad line of totally integrated systems. And we have over 30 of these to choose from. In-dash and under-dash models. Some are just tuners, or cassette players or 8-tracks. A few tout even more than the KP-8005, with such things as Dolby\* and electronic tuning.

## Power Without Corruption

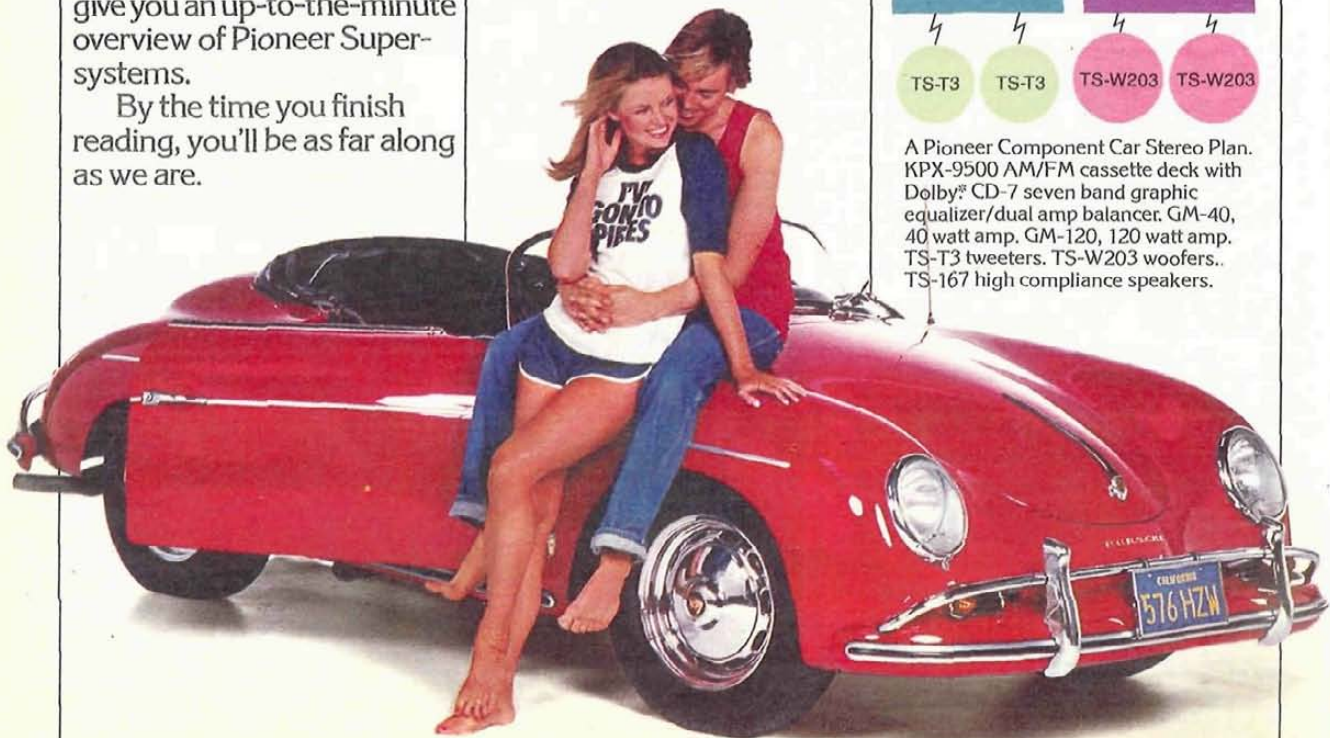
In the search for the ultimate car stereo, we chose the course of home stereo. And broke the system down into separate components. In so doing, we achieved more power through more speakers with less distortion.

The illustration shown here demonstrates how a component car stereo system fits together.

It begins with our KPX-9500. An in-dash AM/FM car stereo/cassette deck with Dolby\* on tape and FM.



A Pioneer Component Car Stereo Plan. KPX-9500 AM/FM cassette deck with Dolby\* CD-7 seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer. GM-40, 40 watt amp. GM-120, 120 watt amp. TS-T3 tweeters. TS-W203 woofers.. TS-167 high compliance speakers.



# How far with car stereo?

Next, we incorporate a 7-band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer, the CD-7.

Just as a recording studio compensates for drapes and carpet, the CD-7 lets you shape the music to match the interior of your car.



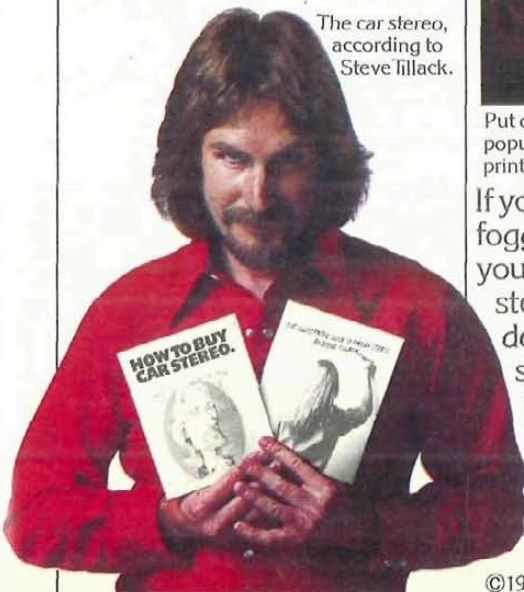
CD-7. Seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer.

## Persuasive Speakers

We have over 30 speakers. But again, to show you how far we've come, we've highlighted how high and low we've gone. Our TS-T3 tweeters can reach highs previously unheard of in a car. And our TS-W203 woofers are guaranteed to hit rock bottom.

We also have two-way and three-way speakers.

The car stereo, according to Steve Tillack.



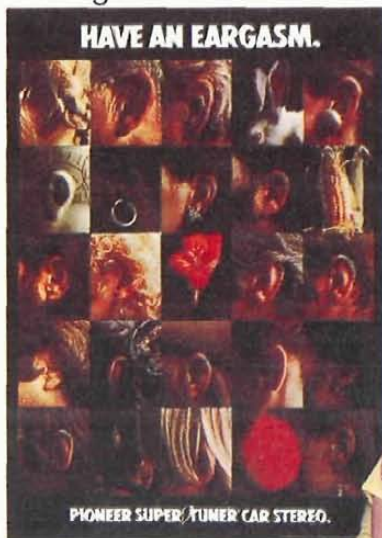
Which combine miniaturized versions of specialized speakers all in one package.

## More Than Meets The Eye

Now that you've read how far we've come, it's time for us to grab you by the ear.

Call toll-free for your nearest Pioneer dealer at these numbers (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois (800) 322-4400.

Because he has his greatest selection ever on hand right now.



Put our ears to your wall. Back by popular demand for the fifth printing.

If you're still a little foggy about where you fit into car stereo, your dealer can show you how to order an entire library of books by Steve Tillack, our resident car stereo authority. Including

"How To Buy Car Stereo" and "All About



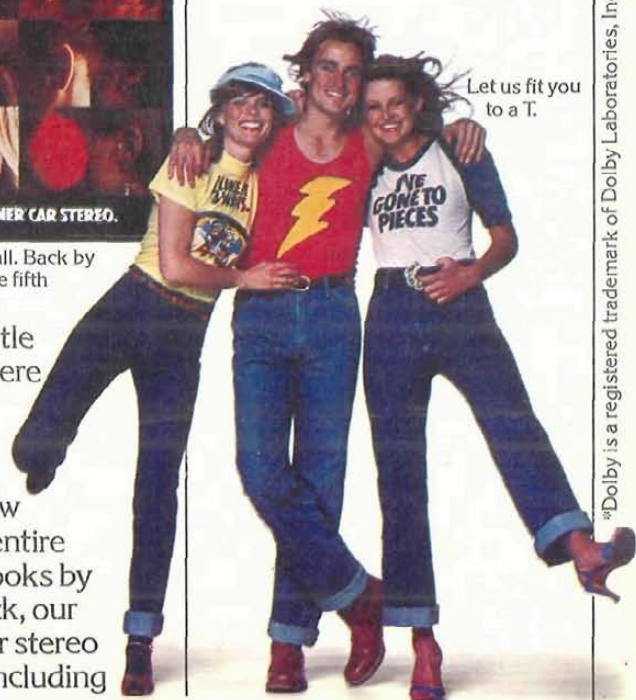
TS-W203 woofer. TS-T3 tweeter.

Car Stereo Components." And be sure to ask about Pioneer T-shirts, visors and posters.

So get your ears down to your Pioneer dealer.

And hear how good car stereo sounds when it's pushed to the limits.

**PIONEER®**  
The best sound going.



Let us fit you to a T.

©1979 Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez St., Long Beach, CA 90810.

Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

# THE SMART



Big news from Los Angeles has fall TV SEASON in grave danger as highly infectious VIRUS all but shuts down production on new shows.... Scores of producers, writers, actors knocked out of action by disease that attacks nose and lips and is spread by contact with a carrier's backside.... "The nature of our business insures rapid spread of a bug like this,"

says one understandably anonymous purveyor of broadcast offal. "The whole industry could collapse if somebody doesn't put us into muzzles and diapers fast!..."

\* \* \*

On the international scene, former housewife BIANCA JAGGER is back in Nicaragua helping the victims of that country's political problems—handing out bottles of Perrier and little snorts of cocaine to the starving kids of Managua.... Meanwhile, ex-Maximo Bung-hole ANASTASIO SOMOZA is planning to become a movie mogul. "I've got what it takes," bleats the Moz, "lots of money, plenty of enemies, and the moral sense of a pit viper..."

\* \* \*

WOODY ALLEN's next film will be about a skinny little overrated comedian/filmmaker with millions in the bank who's real shy, although real egotistical, and who complains about everything all the time.... "But I'm stuck for who'll play the lead," says the gym-shoe-shod part-time clarinet jockey....

\* \* \*

Speaking of Woody, the CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT has ruled that state's statutory rape law

unconstitutional "at least until MARIEL HEMINGWAY turns eighteen"... Does that mean exiled shitsack ROMAN POLANSKI can return from Europe?... California statutes banning the importation of foreign insect pests will prevent it, say the wily justices....

\* \* \*

Studio 54 part owner and main wetmop STEVE RUBELL is being prosecuted by the IRS for committing unspeakable acts with his account ledger.... Some call this the first useful thing the federal government has done since Iwo Jima.... Lawyer ROY COHN protests, however. "He's as innocent as you or me. Well, as innocent as me, anyway," said the unctuous barrister as he shot backward across the room spewing out a cloud of black ink and waving all ten tentacles in the air....

Also on the legal front: trial lawyer MARVIN MITCHELSON of LEE MARVIN/MICHELLE TRIOLA fame has been admitted to practice law in the lizard house at the San Diego Zoo....

\* \* \*

JOHN TRAVOLTA has been bitten on the face again by another dog.... This time the L.A. humane society

## Empire's EDR.9 The Phono Cartridge Designed for Today's Audiophile Recordings



Direct-to-Disc and digital recording have added a fantastic new dimension to the listening experience. Greater dynamic range, detail, stereo imaging, lower distortion and increased signal-to-noise ratio are just a few of the phrases used to describe the advantages of these new technologies.

In order to capture all the benefits of these recordings, you should have a phono cartridge specifically designed to reproduce every bit of information with utmost precision and clarity and the least amount of record wear.

The Empire EDR.9 is that cartridge. What makes it different?

1. Within the cantilever tube, we added

a mechanical equalizer. It serves two purposes: (1) to cancel the natural resonance of the cantilever tube, and (2) to improve the overall transient response of the cartridge. The end result is a stylus assembly that has a mechanically flat frequency response. The frequency response extends from the 20Hz to 35Hz with a deviation of no more than  $\pm 1.75$  dB. No other magnetic cartridge has that kind of performance. We call this stylus assembly an "Inertially Damped Tuned Stylus," the refinement of which took over 6 years.



EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE

EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE

2. Conventional cartridges exhibit radical changes in their frequency response when connected to different preamplifiers. This is because the load conditions—the amounts of capacitance and resistance provided by the preamp—vary tremendously from one preamp to another, and from turntable to turntable. Consequently, most phono cartridges, even expensive ones, have their frequency response determined essentially by chance, depending on the system they are connected to.

But the electrical elements of the EDR.9 have been designed to remain unaffected by any normal variations in load capacitance or resistance. Thus, the EDR.9 maintains its smooth frequency response and accurate transient reproduction ability in any music system, irrespective of loading conditions.

3.

As a final test of performance, we listen to every EDR.9 to make certain that it sounds as good as it tests. At \$200, the EDR.9 is expensive, but then again, so are your records.

For more detailed information and test reports, write to:

Empire Scientific Corp.  
Garden City, NY 11530

# EMPIRE

says the promising young actor will have to be destroyed....

\* \* \*

**October Birthdays:** TATUM O'NEAL turns forty on the eleventh....My, how time flies....

\* \* \*

Disco roller skating is all the rage, and lumpy dago SLY STALLONE has been bought four custom-made Riddell skates—one for each massive paw....SMART SET reminder to those Hollywood cynics sniggering about Sly's plans for *Rocky III*: the great WALTER LANTZ made over 500 pictures using the same character, and WOODY WOODPECKER never wore out his welcome with the moviegoing public!...

Maybe "trois" is the charm for rock concerts, too....Woodstock III already in the works....Scheduled for August, 1980, it will take place in the Olde English Pub Rume at the Holiday Inn in Dayton, Ohio....

\* \* \*

**Literary Scribbles:** Long-running feud between TRUMAN CAPOTE and GORE VIDAL came to a head recently when the two puffy chatterboxes collided at a GIMBEL'S white sale.... Not since ROBERT BENCHLEY's Scottie bit DOROTHY PARKER's cat on the tail has the New York Book Bunch seen such a tussle....Mr. Vidal finally had to yield to Mr. Capote because he was feeling "wan and thirsty"... Both men were hospitalized, Gore with a "twisted hankie" and Truman with a bent hat brim....

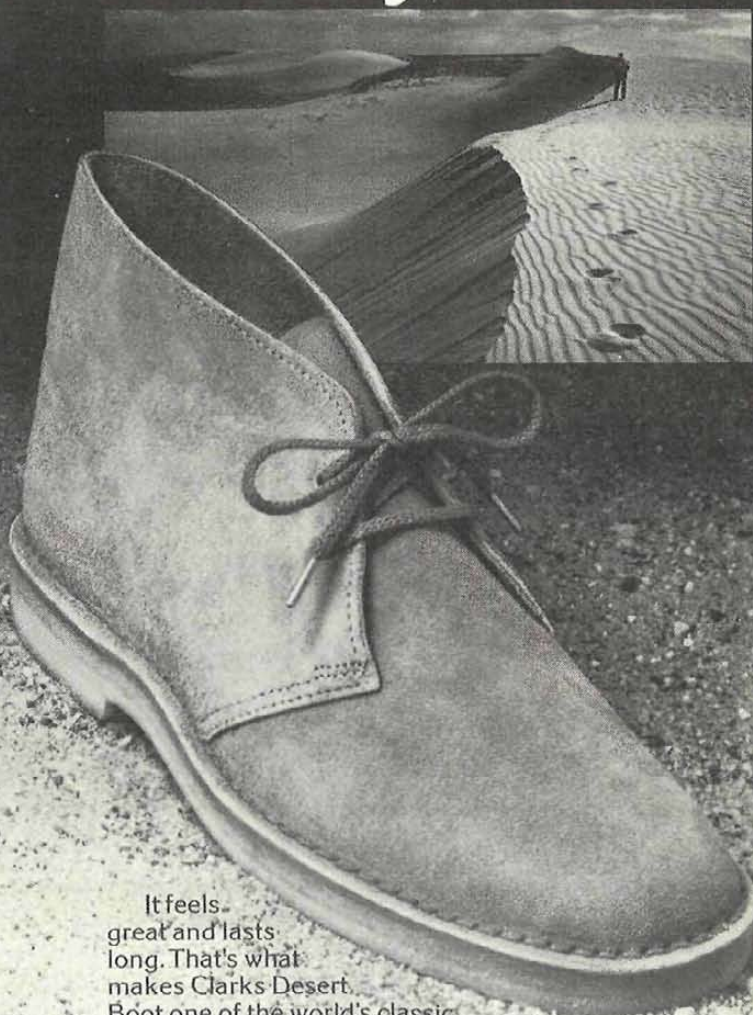
Remember SALLY QUINN? Well, she's hard at work on a "novel book," which she says will be "raey, runny, and gooey!"...So far, she's up to page three and hasn't made a single typing error yet....

And, THEODORE GEISEL, better known as DR. SEUSS, broke into the Arizona home of children's book author JUDY BLUME and washed her mouth out with soap....

\* \* \*

**Closing Note:** Those DC-10s are back in the air and McDonnell-Douglas Corporation is taking names now for inclusion on the casualty list in their next big crash (due sometime in November)....JERRY LEWIS, JAMES R. SCHLESINGER, ERICA JONG, jockey RON FRANKLIN, and author of *How to Flatten Your Stomach* JIM EVERROAD lead the list so far....

# Clarks Desert<sup>®</sup> Boot. Comfort and durability to boot.



It feels great and lasts long. That's what makes Clarks Desert Boot one of the world's classic casual shoes.

Only Clarks gives you the original Desert Boot, created for the British Army over 40 years ago. Today it's still crafted with soft sand suede and long wearing plantation crepe soles. You won't believe a shoe can be so rugged, yet so luxurious.

Insist on the first and finest Desert Boot, for men and women from Clarks. It's got comfort to spare—and durability to boot.

**Clarks**  
OF ENGLAND



Made by skilled hands the world over. Available in boot or oxford. Clarks shoes priced from \$25.00. For the store nearest you write Clarks, Box 92, Belden Station, Norwalk, CT 06852-Dept. DBNL10

# Taste a Triumph. Surprising satisfaction at only 3 mg. tar.

**With new Flavor-Intensified™ Triumph, the taste comes through abundantly, the smoke reaches you smoothly, pack after pack.**

If you've tried one of the very low tar cigarettes, and found you just couldn't stay with it, you'll understand why Triumph is quite an achievement. The first cigarette that gives you *satisfying* taste at only 3 mg. tar.

**Smooth, easy draw.**

With Triumph, even the draw is a surprise. There's none of the struggle you may have experienced in other very low tar brands. You don't have to *pull*—you just *puff* on Triumph. The pleasure is effortless.

**No gimmicks, no miracles.**

The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists decided to take a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology further than we've ever pushed it before.

**Delivering taste, limiting tar.**

We found that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

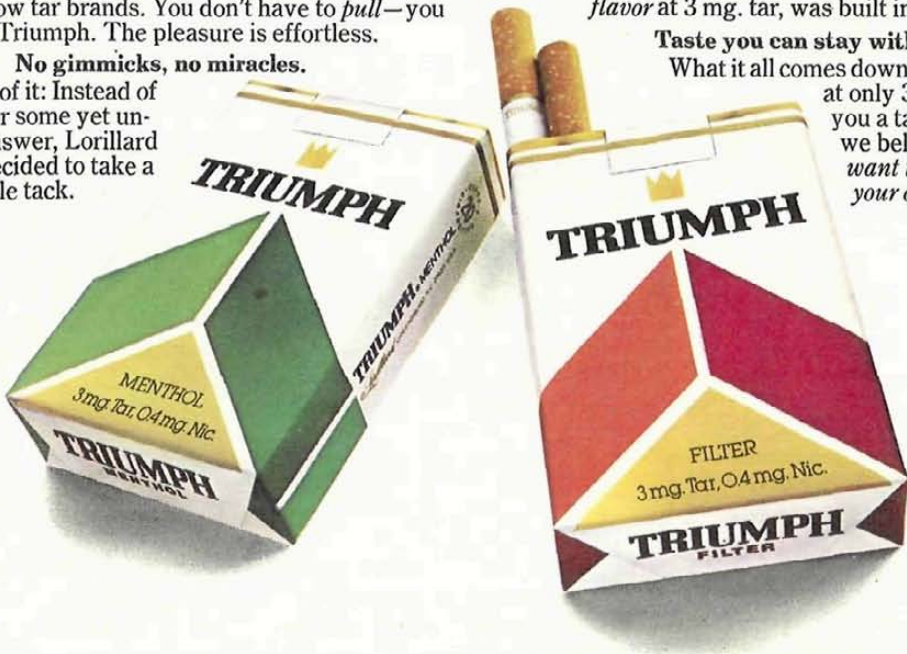
That tiny "vents" in the rim of the filter work to *smooth* the taste.

That lower-leaf tobaccos tend to be milder and lower in tar than those at the top of the plant.

In short, everything we could find that might *intensify* flavor at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

**Taste you can stay with.**

What it all comes down to is this: Triumph, at only 3 mg. tar, gives you a taste so satisfying, we believe *you'll never want to go back to your old cigarette.*



# TRIUMPH.®

One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.  
The one with taste enough to stay with.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

# NEWS ON THE MARCH

"If at First You Don't Succeed..."

## CARTER CALLS NEW CAMP DAVID SUMMIT



AND I THINK YOUR POSITION ON SHALE OIL HAS GOT TO BE VERY CAREFULLY SPELLED OUT...

YES, YES...

President Carter has called for a new Camp David summit meeting of "selected advisers" following lukewarm public response to his recent major energy program. The program had been prepared following two weeks of conferences held in the Maryland mountain retreat on the subjects of energy and the economy.

Invited to take part in the conference, thus far, are economist Paul Samuelson, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, consumer advocate Ralph Nader,

recording artists Fleetwood Mac, columnist Rona Barrett, designer Yves St. Laurent, and actor Gary Coleman.

"Okay, so maybe the first one didn't make it," explained a White House spokesperson. "That's why we're trying all possibilities. And if this one doesn't work, we're lining up a third summit. I've already got positive responses from Faye Dunaway, Ed 'Too Tall' Jones, the original Broadway cast of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and that girl with the dopey smile on the McDonald's commercials."

Set for September 1982 Release

## SALT III TO LENS SOON

In anticipation of a "reasonable" level of success for the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty II (SALT II), the governments of the United States and the Soviet Union have announced plans for SALT III, principal shooting slated to commence in January 1980.

Inked thus far to the bilateral production are BO stars Julie Christie, Anthony Hopkins, Paul Newman, and Benji. Pic will be codirected by Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev, with provisions in the contracts for their replacement should either man, politically or physically, die.

SALT II opened last June to mixed reviews. Some hailed it as "no less entertaining than SALT I, and in some ways even funnier." But many critics—particularly in the US Senate—voiced opposition to it, declaring it "badly conceived and edited." Nonetheless, both production entities have declared themselves satisfied with SALT II and look for "international acceptance" of its successor.



HERE'S THE SCRIPT, L.B.

SUPER, J.C. I'LL GET KOSYGIN CRACKING ON THE NOVELIZATION A.S.A.P.

## Saturday Night Massacre '79 Shook-up Carter Shakes Up Cabinet



## FM on CBs? Ten Four! Independent Truckers Change Nature of Strike

The nation's independent truckers, frustrated over the indifferent response to their summer strike protesting gas prices and speed limits, have announced a new phase of the action, which they call a "life-style strike."

"Let's see how this country does without its lonesome-cowboy trucker heroes," said a spokesman for the drivers. He went on to explain that the independents intend to wear three-piece suits on the

road; eat at tasteful, family-run French restaurants instead of cheap diners; and pull over to a "nice sanitary motel" when they get tired, rather than "pop little pills and act so damned heroic."

"And that ain't the half of it," he continued. "No more salty lingo over CB, neither—hell, I'm broadcastin' Mozart's flute concertos over mine, and all my good buddies want to know where they can get a copy."



## Scant Hours Away from Uncertain Death

### Candidates Almost Harmed by Terrorists

Presidential candidates Howard Baker and Robert Dole escaped assassination recently when a team of European terrorists failed to kill them in a manner similar to that in which they failed to kill NATO chief Gen. Alexander Haig in July.

"The brakes on an automobile parked very close to my own were tampered with," Senator Baker told the press. "Had I been the person who owned that car, and had I chosen to use it, there is no telling what might have happened."

Senator Dole said that he had made a telephone call from a pay phone "mere hours" before a rock was thrown through the glass of the phone booth. "If I had been in that booth when the rock hit, I might have been injured," he said.

Neither of the men responded to reports that their own campaign directors had hired the assassins for publicity purposes. "What's that got to do with almost almost getting killed?" Dole queried.



## Seeks Change in Image Thorpe Propositions Queen, P M

In an effort to cast off the image of a closet homosexual and murderer, and thereby revive his political career, Jeremy Thorpe has made recent public overtures to both Queen Elizabeth and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

Specifically, Thorpe was heard to murmur to the queen, "Let's go to my place, and I'll make passionate love to you and not kill you, Your Majesty." Later that same week, Thorpe was overheard suggesting to the prime minister that they "pop by Number 10 and have a little 'liberal party'" all their own.

Mrs. Thatcher told reporters, "I have always admired and respected Jeremy, but I am afraid that if I do go to bed with him, three weeks later he'll kill my dog."



## Big Seven Hang Tough Industrial Nations Respond to Arabs



The leaders of the seven major industrial nations met recently to plot an economic strategy in response to rising oil prices, and issued a stern statement that, in the words of French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, "will show the OPEC ministers we are not to be tampered with."

The statement reads, in part, "We, the representatives of the Organization of Petroleum Consuming Countries, declare our full and irrevocable determi-

nation to pay only what we absolutely have to for crude oil, and to refine and consume only that quantity of petroleum that is made available to us under present and future conditions."

The statement went on to declare, "We hereby also announce our intention to 'fight fire with fire,' and to deny to the OPEC nations such vital American and European resources as videocassette recorders, hang gliders, and electric woks."

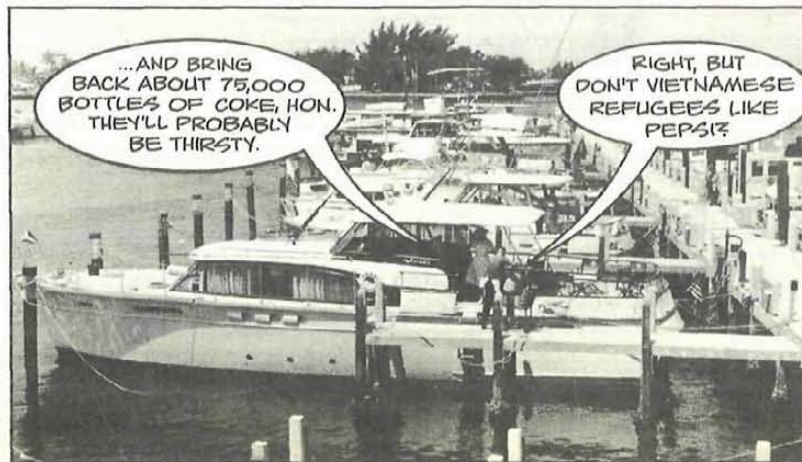
## One Community Does Its Share West Coast Welcomes Boat People

Residents of Marina del Oswald, a southern California shore community, have expressed "profound shock and dismay" at the plight of the Vietnamese refugees known as the "boat people," and have offered to "welcome them as residents and friends, provided, of course, they meet a few nominal requirements."

Mostly ethnic Chinese, the refugees are "perfectly welcome to dock, and live in, Marina del Oswald, as long as their

crafts measure no less than twenty-six feet in length, are capable of sleeping at least four comfortably, and come equipped with inboard solid-waste-disposal units."

In a similar gesture of brotherhood, the Chris-Craft Corporation has contributed several hundred pairs of water skis, along with the appropriate tow ropes and anchoring mounts, so that the refugees can "enjoy the fun of boating, American style."



## Will Protest Recent Rule Change

### Borg Eliminated After Handicap Imposition

Following the imposition of new handicapping rules in professional tournament tennis, four-time Wimbledon champ Bjorn Borg was eliminated in the first round of the Short Ribs Invitational in Short Ribs, Tennessee, recently.

The ruling, passed by the US Lawn Tennis Association, calls for a sliding scale of handicaps to be imposed upon "superior players" to make competition more "equitable."

Borg lost in straight sets, 6-2, 6-1, 6-2, after being forced to play with a Ping-Pong paddle while wearing Nordica ski boots. He was also required to sing, "in a clear, audible, and melodically correct manner," a medley of Gilbert and Sullivan "favorites."

"Gilbert and Sullivan is unknown to me," Borg complained after the match. "I am Swedish, so it is unfair, yes. I would sing Abba songs, perhaps, yes, maybe."



## Furor Over "Harmless" Landing Group to Protest Skylab Damage

An organization calling itself Friends of the Trackless Barren Wastes has announced its intention to sue the US government for what it calls "the unconscionable and irremediable damage caused by the falling of the Skylab space facility."

The organization alleges that the space station, which fell to earth on July 11, caused "severe damage to the Australian desert in which it landed, leaving in its wake pieces of crushed rock, dozens of frightened insects, and a brutal concussion to the food chain and ecology of the area that current science cannot even detect, let alone remedy."

A spokesperson for the organization said, "One minute that desert was barren, quiet, and undisturbed. The next it had fragments of Skylab all over it. Somebody should sue somebody over this, and we intend to be that somebody."

# ***These are the shoes of people who didn't subscribe to the National Lampoon.***



The *National Lampoon's* big stupid bully men are combing the country, looking for people who haven't subscribed to the *National Lampoon*.

When nonsubscribers are caught by our big stupid bully men, their shoes are stripped from their feet, their laces tied together, and their shoes hurled over a telephone line or way up into a tree.

Avoid having to walk home in socks. Subscribe to *National Lampoon* now by filling out the coupon.

Please curb your big stupid bully men. I will subscribe to your magazine and save a heck of a pile of money over the newsstand price. Please find enclosed my check or money order payable within the continental U.S.A. or Canada, made out to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON DEPT 1079  
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## NEWS BRIEFS



### Smart/Stupid Gas Rationing Goes into Effect

In the wake of several violent incidents on Chicago gas lines, Illinois Governor James Thompson has ordered gas to be rationed on a "smart/stupid" basis. People who are smart enough to figure out the plan will get gas. Those who are too stupid to understand it will not be served with gas. The Chicago City Council has attacked Thompson, saying that the plan is a political move to keep the mayor and councilmen from driving their cars.

### Brezhnev Enjoys Carter Kiss

Soviet Premier Leonid Brezhnev said in an interview with the Soviet news agency Pravda that, of all the world's leaders he has kissed, the kiss of President Carter was "sweetest." Brezhnev complimented Mr. Carter on the smooth texture of his lips and "the firm yet tender way he embraced [Mr. Brezhnev's] waist."

### Tokyo Summit Ends with Agreement

The Western economic summit held recently in Tokyo concluded with an agreement among the seven leaders of the industrialized Western nations that they should all keep in touch after they leave office and that they will make available one another's homes for house-swapping vacations. It was also decided that West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt had the cutest grandchildren and that Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark was a "neater guy than Pierre Trudeau."

### Carter Warns Blacks on Large Car Purchases

President Carter met with the Black Caucus in Washington recently and issued a warning that black Americans must give up their taste for large automobiles loaded with heavy equipment and extras. "I don't think I've ever seen a

black driving a Chevette!" Carter told reporters following the meeting.

### Shah Returns to Iran

The exiled shah of Iran risked certain death when he and a bodyguard sneaked into his homeland disguised as peasant women and infiltrated the former Royal Palace. "The shah had left his car keys on his dresser, and Mrs. Pahlavi fled without her bathrobe and recipe box," the shah's American press spokesman told reporters. The shah is now safely ensconced in his new home in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

### Man-Powered Aircraft Crashes

The *Gossamer Albatross*, the first man-powered aircraft to fly over the English Channel, crashed during takeoff at a Los Angeles airport. According to eyewitnesses, the pilot's leg fell off as the plane left the runway, causing the craft to roll, lose altitude, and plummet to the ground. "I don't know what went wrong," Paul McCready, designer and manufacturer of the plane, said. "It was designed so that [the pilot] should have been able to continue with just one leg."

### Roman Catholics Franchise Pope

Following the extraordinary response to Pope John Paul II's recent trip to Poland, the Roman Catholic church has agreed to license the right to use the concept of "pope" to five other major world religions—the Buddhists, Hindus, Anglicans, Mormons, and Lutherans—for an estimated \$1.9 million per organization. "We plan to use our new pope to kick off a big new membership push," a spokesman for the Lutheran church said. "We're very excited!"

### Nicaragua Sold for Scrap

After months of civil strife, which has seen the destruction of its economy, social structure, and physical plant, the small South American republic of Nicaragua has been sold to a French firm for its scrap value. The firm is the same one that recently purchased Cambodia and Chad. The firm's initial plans called for Nicaragua to be pulped for use in making newsprint, but there is now talk of creating a small resort island off the Florida coast from the salvageable portions of the mainland.

### Rat Owners Protest Sleep-Aid Ban

Rat fanciers are up in arms over the recent FDA ban on products containing methapyrilene, a sleep-inducing drug. The drug has been associated with liver cancer in rats. "I love my rat," one irate rat owner told reporters. "But he occasionally can't sleep. He just tosses and turns all night long. What harm can a simple sleep aid do if used as directed?"

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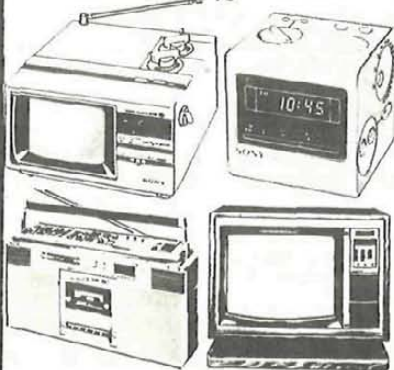
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by John Hughes

This month:

## "THREE CHEERS FOR DAN"

"What the hell am I doing?" Dan thought as he savored the Dynamint-fresh breath of the tiny cheerleader beneath him. "I'm thirty years old, I'm in heaven, and I could go to jail for the rest of my life!"

"Can you turn up the radio a little more," Shannon the cheerleader said.

"Have you ever been, to Electric Ladyland?" the late Jimi Hendrix intoned.

The song recalled Dan's freshman year in college. He'd been in the same position, listening to the same song, way back in 1969. Nothing changes, everything changes. His hips chugged to the rhythm. The tremors in his groin kept him from feeling qualmish and sad about how many years had slipped behind him.

"This is great!" Shannon meowed. "You're like, *ooo, ooo!* My friends, *oo, oo,* think you're really ... *ooo, ooo* cute! *Ou!* Hey! Don't touch there! Please! It's embarrassing! *Ooooooooooooo!*"

And it was over. The car windows were fogged and the song on the radio had ended. The braying voice of a commercial announcer crowing about a Nick Lowe concert echoed inside the humid Chevy Caprice.

"I'm going to see him," Shannon said as she reached over her shoulder and into her purse for a Marlboro. "You wanna go with me? He's great. He's your age."

Dan smiled at the sweet, innocent reason why he wasn't at his mother-in-law's house for cake and ice cream to celebrate his daughter's miraculous recovery from cystic fibrosis. It was a big day for the brave little girl, and he felt like a dog doing what he was doing, but ... but nothing, he told himself

# HEY KIDS!

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after the tumescent bliss of love had worn away leaving him, once again, a slimy, thirty-year-old profligate, debauching a youngster, snapping his fingers at the laws of the land, and hawking on more sacred and sanctified institutions than anyone since Adolf Hitler.

"Can we smoke a cigarette—does my breath smell terrible when I smoke?" Shannon asked playfully. "I'll have a piece of Freshen-Up gum, okay? But then can we fuck one more time? As soon as a good song comes on the radio? And can we go really, really fast? And will you drive me to school from now on?"

"I think it's probably a good idea to drive you back to McDonald's so you can get your car, huh?" Dan said with his mind on his daughter and wife. And the law.

Shannon locked her legs around his waist. "I've got you trapped! The price to get out is one more time! Oh!" She started to twitch her hips in time with the radio. "Turn it up! This is the best having-sex song in the whole world!"

Her little tanned hand reached out as far as it could and flicked the radio

dial. A Van Halen song screamed out of Dan's four Delco speakers. A funny chill ran up his spine, and even though the squirming young body beneath him had roused him once again, he had a premonition that something terrible and dark was about to happen.

Suddenly the Caprice lit up. A siren hooted. A car door slammed. Every drop of blood flowed out of Dan's head and left him dizzy and dopey as he sprang up in his seat like a shooting-gallery goose. Shannon, equally frightened, though not of detection, cowered in her seat.

A billy club socked the window. Dan briefly considered gunning the engine and blasting his way out to the highway, but the windshield was misted over with vapors of love. Death, he thought, would be better than having to face his wife, the guys at the gas company where he worked, and the hardened criminals who, as is common knowledge, don't take kindly to guys doing time for child molesting.

With a nausea building in his gut, Dan powered the window down. A trembling, wet-the-pants voice spilled out over his quivering lips. "Hello," he

moaned, looking up at the huge cop glaring at him. "All right, out!" the cop thundered. "The both of you!"

Dan got out of the car and readied himself for a billy club in the balls. Shannon got out of the other side. She was white, despite her baby-oil tan. She pulled on her jogging shorts and slipped her top over her smart little bosoms.

The cop took a long look at Dan. Then he took a long look at Shannon. He clucked his tongue. His black-gloved fist rose slowly over his head. Then it came down with crushing force. Dan ducked. The fist slapped into the cop's knee.

"How did you manage to get into the sack with such a cute young gal? Man, I couldn't get a dolly like that if I turned my pension over to her!" the cop said loudly. He tipped his helmet in reverence to Shannon. "Sorry, hon."

"That's cool," Shannon tittered. "So, how do you do it?" the cop said. "You got a big hoagie?" Dan was too shocked to be relieved. His body remained coiled and stiff. He attempted, feebly, to explain himself. "I'm a friendly person."

continued on page 86



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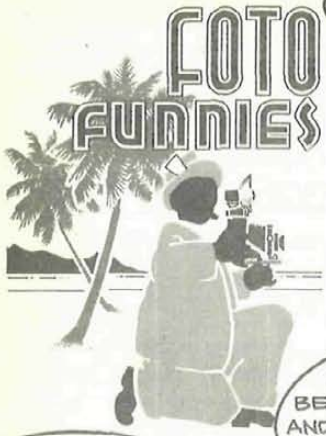
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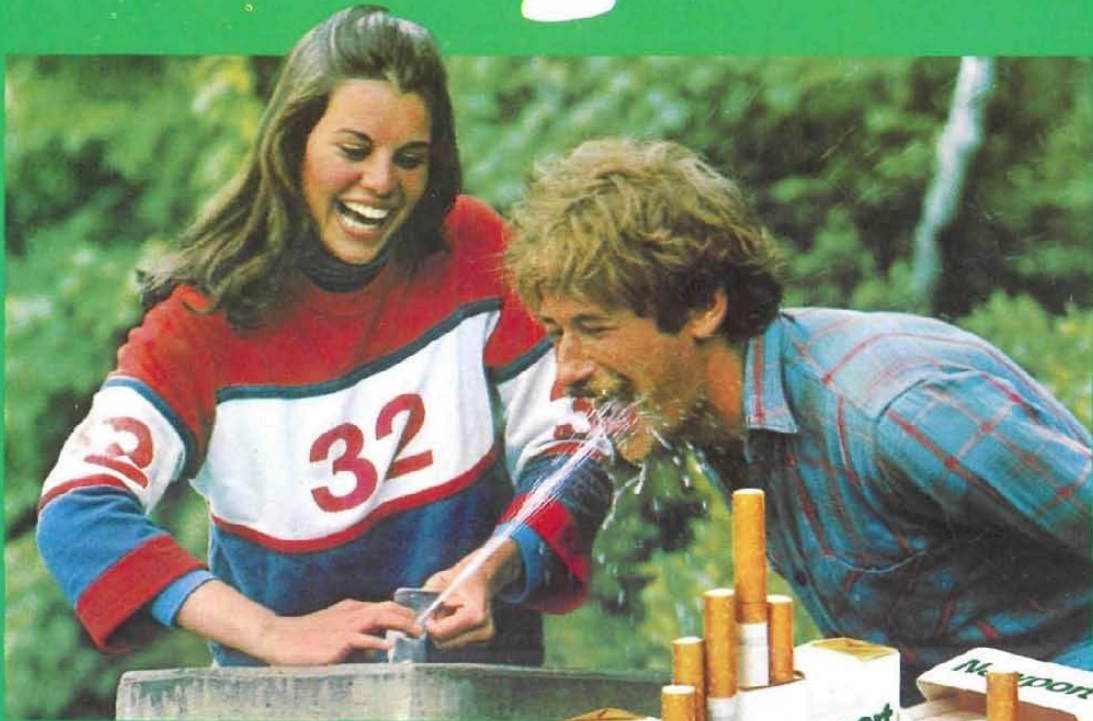
IT WAS SOOO SENSUOUS.

OH SHIT!

I FORGOT TO GET LAID!



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*After all, if smoking  
isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



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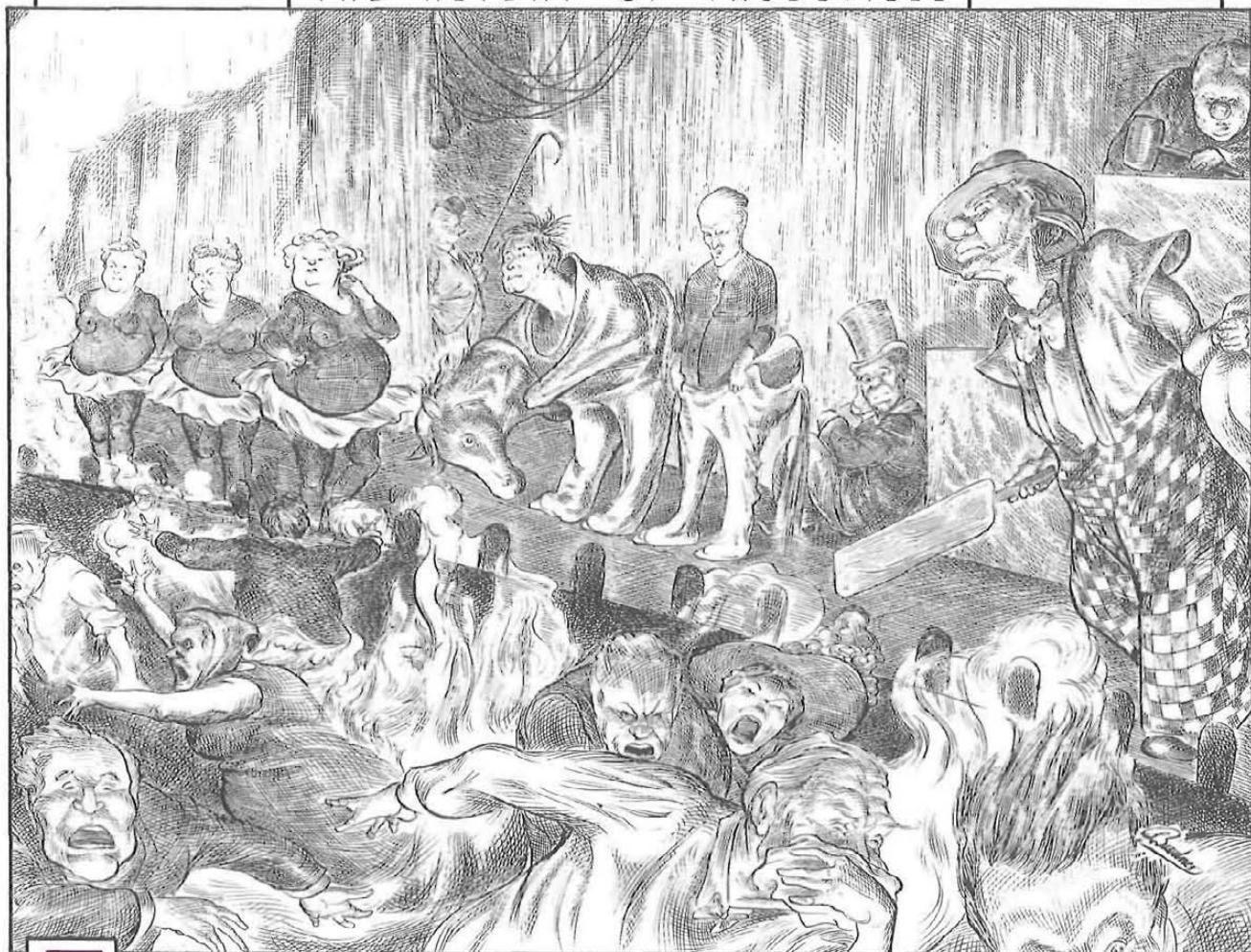


# WHAT AMERICA WAS LAUGHING AT

1 9 0 0 - 1 9 8 0

1900-1910

THE HEYDAY OF VAUDEVILLE



**T**he wealthy had the legitimate theater, the printed word, and amusing stories at the club to entertain them. The howling, infested, char-faced, black-lunged, unlearned masses of penny workers and drooling immigrants from the squalid confines of Europe had vaudeville.

Vaudeville played an important social role in America. It provided employment to Jewish people during a period when religious prejudice otherwise limited them to the fields of hat fulling and hawking skinny strips of smoked salmon to each other. And its frequent theater fires, with their enormous loss of life, helped to control the Irish problem. Millions of people attended. It was a momentous and vital institution that brought a gleam of mirth and merriment to the downtrodden masses.

But how it did this we don't know. The last person who ever performed in a vaudeville act died in 1959, and about an hour later so did the last person who ever saw one. Vaudeville was supposed to have been the training ground for

a multitude of famous and talented entertainers, but no one can ever remember their names.

Vaudeville is also supposed to have been the source for hundreds of classic American comedy routines, but on closer investigation these all turn out to have been invented by Mel Brooks and Woody Allen for Sid Caesar's "Show of Shows." Actual vaudeville performances were not, perforce, recorded on film or tape, and no written scripts have survived. Piecing together sketchy contemporary accounts, it's possible to determine that the jokes were largely about hitting people with sticks, living in board-inghouses, dead chickens, Italian vegetable stands, pretending to be a Negro, and other things that don't strike the modern mind as very amusing, all punctuated by displays of overweight women in circus tights and songs with lyrics like "He wanted a look at the ocean/So he went to sea." Maybe it was like "Saturday Night Live" before Chevy Chase left. Or maybe it was like "The Gong Show" without cocaine. Whatever it was, it's gone now.

BY P.J. O'ROURKE AND JOHN HUGHES

1910-1920

THE HALCYON ERA OF THE SUNDAY FUNNIES

**HYMIE HEBE** *And His Darkie Pal,* **LIVERLIPS**  
 <THEY ARE A ODD PAIR OF STRANGE ONES!>  
 by **POD DUCKMILLER**



**T**he nineteen-teens—it was a time of innocence for America, an age of peaceful plenty and solid, unquestioned values. A world very different from today's, and nothing delighted that world more than the harmless fun of the color comic supplements that were a staple feature of every Sunday newspaper. Their charming art and simple wit brought fondly remembered amusement to every member of the family.

1920-1930

PARAGON EPOCH OF THE SILENT SCREEN



Ragged Waif Please, sir...  
 I am starving!  
 May I have a pie?

Fat Baker Why, of course...  
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!



**S**ilent film comedy—there are those people who say it's the high point of American humor since Twain. Those are the people in shitty tweed jackets with fake leather elbow patches who hold down second-rate professorships in third-rate English departments and corner you during cocktail parties saying that silent film comedy is the high point of American humor since Twain while their comely young ex-grad-assistant wives are being buggered on a bed full of coats by Moroccan exchange students.

Silent movies were very popular in their time, but so was gin made out of laundry soap and yellow rain slickers with "The Cat's Pajamas" written on the back in black grease pencil. Today they are the favorites of people who poke you with pipe stems during conversation and of a certain type of undergraduate who still thinks Your Father's Moustache is the cool place to go in New York. No regular person has watched one since beatnik days, so it may be unfairly damning to note that the French consider them works of genius. At any rate, it's hard to imagine that they were any less amusing than Peter Falk and Alan Arkin in *The In-Laws*.

1930-1940

THE GOLDEN AGE OF RADIO COMEDY

T

he Depression! Plenty of Americans wanted to jam a towel under the door and turn on the gas, but they turned on the radio instead. There was never anything like it before or since. There wasn't even anything like it then. Famous programs: "The Bologna Hour," "Dr. Dexter's Dufflebag of the Air," "Bum's Rush," "Hanes Underpants Parade of Entertainment," "The Uncle Lunch Show," "Our Filthy Dump," "Thumbtack Hooligan's Noseharp Bandstand," and "Emergency Hospital." No, not "Emergency Hospital"; people were always sick on "Emergency Hospital," although they always got well at the end. And famous performers: Lou Drooler, Buffle and Gummy, Ashwipe and Fluff, the Feet Brothers, the Piddle Twins, Gimcrack and Mutton, the Slumgullion Sisters. And famous gag lines that will live forever: "Hi, Bill!"

"Whoops!" "None of your beeswax!" "Beats my pair of jacks!" "Say what?" It was the age of crazy, zany, kooky, nutty, goofy, wacky, silly, loony, dizzy, daffy, balmy, batty, dingy, flippy, nutty, huh?... uh.... Who cared if the going wage was two cents an hour and half the country was out of work and there wasn't anything to eat for dinner and Mom had to take in washing from the neighbors and the landlord was about to evict us and the country was paralyzed with strikes and riots and hunger stalked the land as war loomed on the horizon and Hitler was killing all the Jews in Europe? That just made us laugh the harder. We laughed our troubles away. Ha. Ha. Ha. Who can forget "The Nutpuddles," or "What a Life," or "The Padiddle Hour," and who can forget wanting to stuff Mom's head in a gravy boat when she'd yakety-yak-yak-yak about how funny they were all through "The Rifleman."



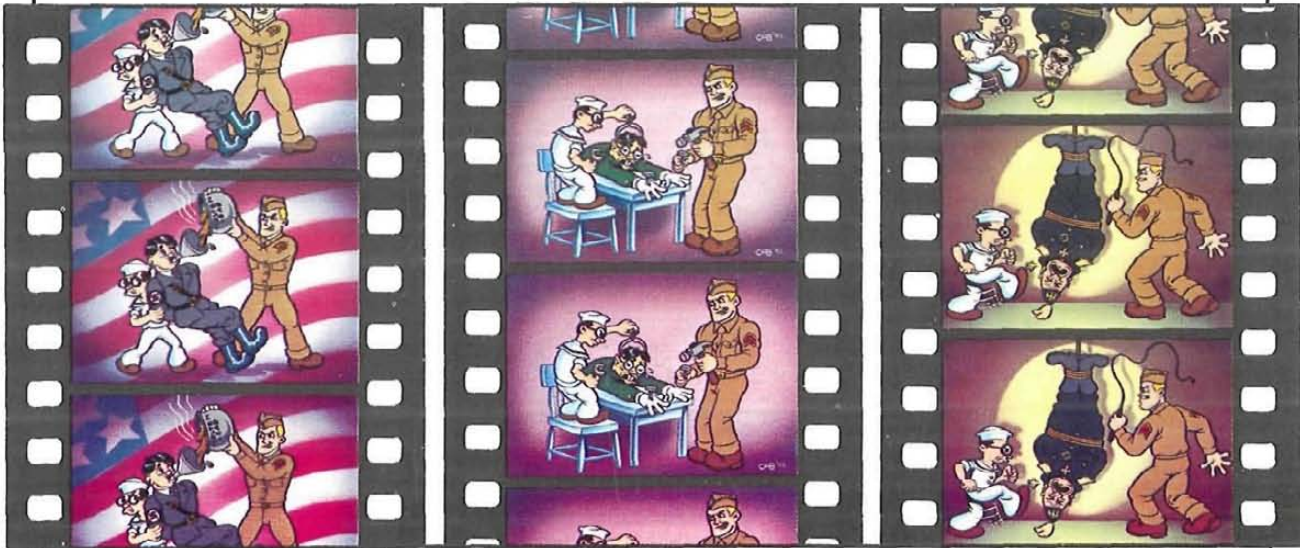
1940-1950

ZENITH OF THE ANIMATOR'S ART

A

ll through the 1940s, rib-tickling animated cartoons lifted the morale of Americans at home and overseas. These were trying times. The pig-hearted sauerkraut-sucking buckethead was laying waste to Europe, sinking his gore-stained hyena teeth into the bellies of toddlers and raping whole villages full of innocent French women with gun butts and rubber truncheons. The offal-brained Heinie's lust for slaughter knew no limit other than how far the steel toe of his jackboot could travel through a man's face bones or up the behind of a Russian grandmother. And his idiot minion the Italian Dago—that slut of international politics whose hindquarters were up and ready, eager for assault by any baboon in a hat fancier than his own—was no better, slicing the noses

and toes off the lowly Ethiopie and reducing whole populations of noble Yugoslavs and Greeks to domestic thrall-dom for purposes of having them serve him his barf-flavored pasta slop in a spittoon the way he liked it. While half a world away, the conquest-addled, monkey-shinned, automaton Nipponese made his treacherous attack upon the hapless millions of Asians, spinning his web of butchery and rapine in ever stickier spirals from Pearl Harbor to Bombay so that there was no choice but for humankind to pull his legs off and watch him suffer a death more horrible than the obscenity laws allow to be described, before he ate any more living children or stuck any more glass rods up the private organs of captured Allied soldiers. But, through it all, Americans never lost their sense of humor.



1950-1960

PRIME TIME FOR TV SITCOMS

What'd I miss?

Connie did a favor for the lady across the hall who has a uncle who's a talent scout for the movie studio that has the same name as the plumbing company that's supposed to unclog Dolly's bathtub and now Harry doesn't know how to explain what the girl with the moose head on is doing in his pajamas to Don's boss Mr. Ditwit who thinks Connie is the lost queen of France.

1960-1970

SALAD DAYS OF THE STAND-UP COMEDIAN

DID YOU EVER HEAR A JOKE ABOUT A WHITE GUY'S LIPS? HUH? IS YOUR AUNT ON A BOX OF PANCAKE MIX? WAS YOUR GRAND-FATHER A KISS-ASS "YASSUH-YASSUH" PORTER ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD? GODDAMNIT! HAS ANY ONE OF YOU EVER STOOD ON A STREET CORNER SHINING SHOES TO GET MONEY TO BUY FOOD FOR YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS? AWRIGHT! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BLACK! THANK YOU, THANK YOU. WRITE YOUR CONGRESS-MAN, YOUR SENATORS, THE BIG BUSINESSES, YOUR NEWS-PAPERS, WRITE AND TELL THEM THAT WE WANT BLACKS TO BE MORE THAN EQUAL, MAN. WE WANT THEM TO BE SUPERIOR! THANK YOU, YES! DAMNIT! GIVE THEM MONEY, EMPTY THE PRISONS, MAN. TEAR DOWN THE GHETTOS! MAKE A BLACK MAN A MEMBER OF THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY. FOR THE NEXT TWO HUNDRED YEARS, MAN, WE SHOULD HAVE TO GO DOWN SOUTH AND CHOP COTTON AND GET OUR FAMILY STRUCTURE DESTROYED AND BEG AND PRAY FOR MERCY FROM THE BOSSMAN. I'M TELL -ING YOU, WE SHOULD HAVE TO EAT EN-TRAILS. AWRIGHT. THANKS, THANK YOU, THANK YOU. ANOTHER PROBLEM WE HAVE...



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PUERTO RICO  
LIKE RONRICO.



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**GREG  
BULL**

Greg is one of those guys you just have to like. I can't tell you how many times we've been stoned together. That's when he does his tapes. He's taping all his raps, monologues, bits, whatever you want to call them, the stuff he does when he's stoned, and he's going to edit them down to a forty-minute package and sell it to a record company. He must have hundreds of hours of tapes, and it's the most far-out stuff I ever heard. It's more than just comedy, it's like a new kind of reality. Greg's stuff is really out there.

Greg claims he gets all his knowledge and insights from a guy he calls Dr. Goolagong. Dr. Goolagong comes from another planet, and he is Greg's other identity from a time warp or something like that. He loves the name Goolagong. Every time he says it he goes into a giggling fit. It gets to me too. He repeats the name to himself over and over until he starts a rap. It's almost like a mantra.

I transcribed one of Greg's raps off his tape to give you an idea of how funny he is. Naturally, it can't replace actually being in the same room with Greg, because you really have to dig his voice and his style, but until his comedy record is produced it's the best I can do. Here's Greg:

"Dig what I got on my leg, man. Can you dig it? Look hard. Know what I got on my leg? I got an itch. You can't see it, but it's there. Right in there. Dr. Goolagong told me about the Itch. Dig it. You got your skin, right? You got your regular skin all over your body, okay? So you're going along with your regular skin and everything's cool. And then you feel this funny thing going on. You're saying, What's that? What's going on? Something's happening to my skin. Something's going on, but you can't see it because it's in your pores. Your pores, okay? Deep down in your pores there are these tiny bugs. You can't see them. Even a microscope can't see them. They're invisible, man. But you know they're there because you can feel them, right?"

"What the fuck are they doing down there in your pores? They're dancing, man. They're doing the dance of death. You know...like how a mosquito bites you and sucks out a little bitty bit of your blood and then dies. The bugs are like...doing it like that, man. It's like...energy. They're dancing and bumping into each other and you get this feeling on your skin like a buzz. It's the bugs. They're trying to get out, but they're getting attacked by the bacteria. Bacteria, germs. So they're like...dying. You can hear them if you put your ear next to the itchy spot. Listen to it. You hear the buzz? They're trying to get out, man. They're dancing and bumping into each other and making all this energy, which is also friction that comes out on the top of your skin, okay? So you say, Hey, man, something itches me! It's the friction from the energy. So you got to scratch it, and it feels good, right? Because you're killing the bugs. You're

# THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE I EVER MET

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

squashing the fucking bugs with your nails, man. Kill the motherfuckers!

"They are mother fuckers! Man, you know what they like to do? They like to sneak up behind you and fly into your back, so you can't reach them with your nails. They're always japping you. You're walking along...like...carrying your shoulder bag...or like...coming from the Safeway with your big bag and Zzzzzzzzz...the bugs fly right into your pores in your back and start dancing and kicking and you're going right out of your fucking mind because you can't scratch. They're always fucking you over, man, because they're invisible.

"You know what I do? I scratch my whole body for like...a half hour every day when I wake up. Dr. Goolagong told me to do it. Kill the motherfuckers before they can get started. I must have killed over a hundred million billion itch bugs."

I guess if you're not stoned, Greg's stuff might be a little hard to follow, especially when he really gets into something—like his shoes or his teeth or eating a bowl of lumpy Cream of Wheat. You really have to be there. Maybe it's just personal, but I think he's incredible.

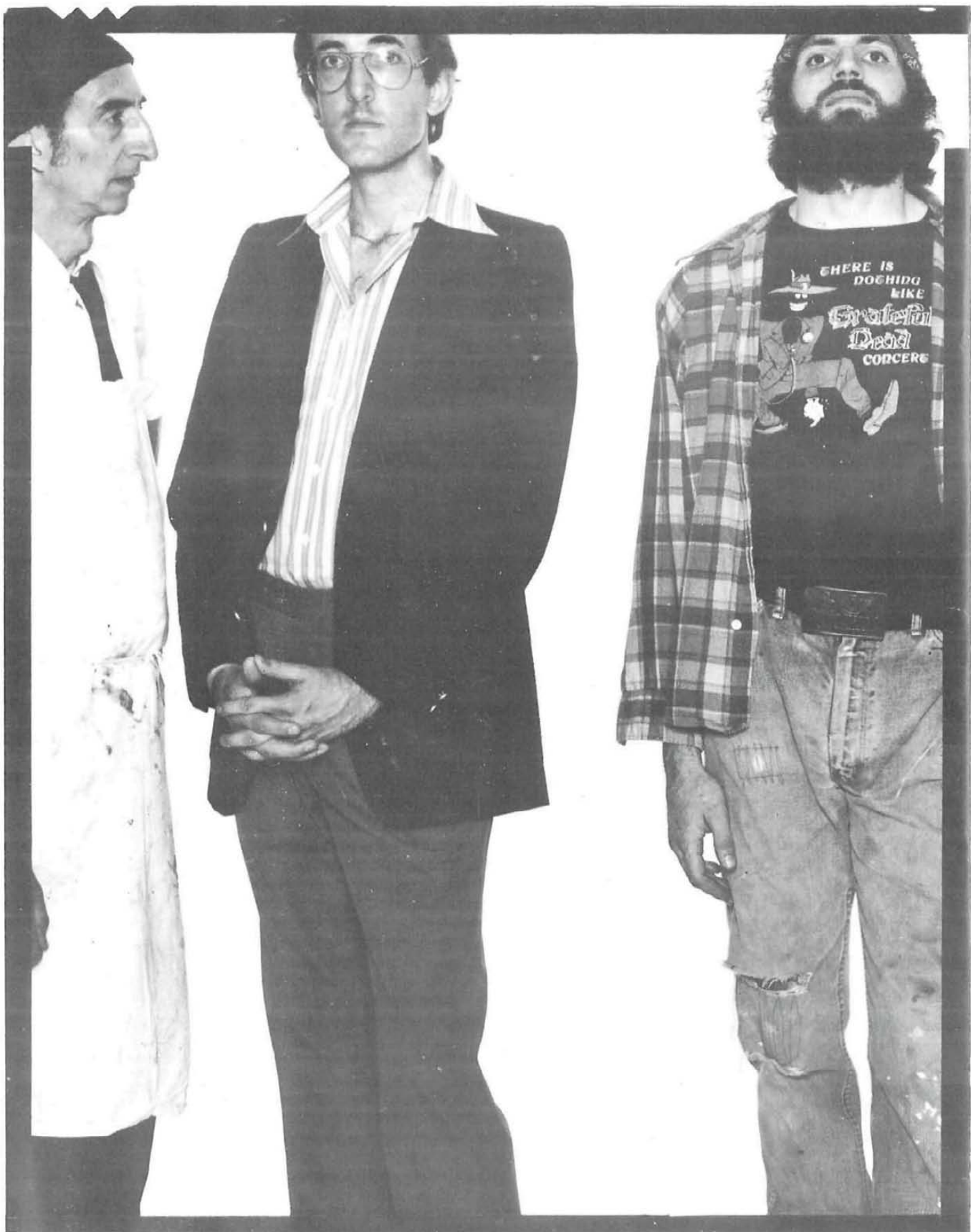
**UNCLE  
SOLLY**

Someone once coined the phrase "Less is more," and, you know, he could have been describing the comedic style of my uncle Solly. Solly is the kind of guy who doesn't have to work hard at being funny. Most of the time he isn't even aware of how funny he is. He just has to act natural and he has me in hysterics. Solly was born funny.

He doesn't say much, just a few words or a line or two.

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**UNCLE SOLLY**

**BOBBY NOFKA**

**GREG BULL**





**JACK WORTHEIMER**

**SANDI SPRINKLER**

It's the way he says it and his timing. Jack Benny couldn't be better. And the face. That sly, deadpan look, that raised eyebrow. Or just the faintest curl of the lip to show his infinite disgust with the world.

Solly works for a man who owns a pickle store on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, a neighborhood that was once heavily Jewish but is now heavily Puerto Rican. Solly has been doing the pickling in this dense, dirty little shop for over fifty years, and I swear the vinegar and garlic and pickling spices have seeped right into his bloodstream. The Puerto Ricans call him "Sour Man."

After you tell Solly what you've been doing lately or how rotten you feel, he'll say something like, "So? What do you want me to do? Eat my finger?" Maybe it doesn't sound too funny, but coming from Solly it's hilarious. It's all in his timing. He's like a counterpuncher in boxing. He lets you lead the conversation. He lets you make the verbal moves. Then when he sees an opening, he comes in with the zinger, usually one perfect line that pricks your speech balloon and has you helpless with laughter.

Sometimes he'll actually volunteer a thought on his own, usually a bitter complaint about the decline of the neighborhood. But it's just a ruse for one of his zingers.

Solly: You wouldn't believe what happened to me today.

You wouldn't believe it.

Me: What happened?

Solly: Don't ask.

Solly's favorite expression is "I'll give ya." He uses it about a thousand times a day. No matter what you say to him, he'll screw his face into a look of annoyance and disgust and answer with an "I'll give ya."

Customer: I'd like a really big sour pickle, please.

Solly: I'll give ya a sour pickle... up your tuchis.\*

It's hard to guess how old Solly is. I'd say anywhere from sixty-five to ninety. I'm sure he'll never quit his job and retire, no matter how much he complains. I kidded him about this once. I said, "Uncle Solly, I'll bet when you die, Moe [the store owner] will throw you into one of the barrels, along with the rest of the sour pickles. How would you like to be buried in one of your favorite barrels?" Solly looked at me for a moment and I swear his eyes were twinkling and I could see the faintest trace of a smile almost cracking his face. And then he said, "I'll give ya a barrel...right in your keester!"

## BOBBY NOFKA

Bobby Nofka is one of my oldest and dearest friends. We grew up together in the streets and school yards of Brooklyn. That goes way back, back to the early days of television. Bobby's family had the first TV set on the block, a Dumont, and he was doing incredible imitations of Milton Berle, "Uncle Miltie," before anyone else, and he had us rolling on the floor with laughter. If there ever was a born comedian, it was Bobby.

The great thing about Bobby is that he was always ahead of his time. While we were still grooving on Milton Berle and Sid Caesar, he was listening to a whole new kind of sophisticated comedy—Nichols and May, Shelly Berman,

\*Yiddish word for ass, buttocks, rear end.

Wally Cox, Mort Sahl, and, most important, Lenny Bruce. Lenny Bruce changed Bobby's life. Bobby memorized every Lenny Bruce routine. He was a born mimic. He could imitate Lenny's voice and delivery to perfection.

We'd have these parties in the neighborhood, and I'm

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## JACK JWORTHEIMER

Jack isn't exactly one of my closest friends.

We don't actively socialize, but he's a good friend of a good friend of mine, so I see him once in a while at parties or if some of the guys go to a ball game. If you didn't know him, you might think he's a bit obnoxious, because he can get awfully loud and vulgar; but I must admit that the son of a gun is funny. He makes you laugh in spite of yourself. I mean, you almost hate yourself for laughing at his jokes and bits—they're so corny. He'll meet a girl, a total stranger, and say to her, "How's your hole...family?" Or, if he sees a really chesty girl, he'll say,

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## SANDI SPRINKLER

Sandi isn't one of those people who make you laugh out loud, although she certainly can get off some wild lines. No, Sandi is just herself. That makes her funny enough, believe me. Let's just say that when God came to Sandi, he broke the mold. She's one of a kind, a real kook.

You never know what she's going to do from one moment to the next. And the funny part is, neither does she. It just happens, spontaneously. Like the time she made me a big, juicy sirloin steak and then, without warning, topped it off with a gob of peanut butter and jelly. Or the time she made me drink this blue beer (she put a harmless food coloring in it). Sandi is the zaniest person I know. I'll never forget the time she came to visit me when I was getting over a bad case of the flu. I was lying in bed, feeling sorry for myself as usual, when I looked up and saw a gigantic chicken walk through the door. It was Sandi, dressed in a chicken costume, bringing me a jar of homemade chicken soup. Most people would have just brought the soup. Not Sandi. She had to dress up as a chicken as well.

The first thing you notice about Sandi is her voice. It's sort of like a baby's voice, but pitched higher. And she can do some really zany sound effects with it. It reminds me of the voices you heard on old cartoons. Then, of course, there's her clothes. Sandi makes a point of not copying any style, past or present. Sandi dresses only for Sandi. A slave of fashion she is not. A typical outfit would consist of purple harem pants (she loves purple), a bright green turtle-neck sweater, pointed elf shoes (yellow), and a corset—a real

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# Where Do Dirty Jokes Come From?

by Ted Mann

Where do dirty jokes come from? This is a

question that has bothered this writer ever since the issue editor asked him to write an article for the "Humor" issue. The answer is: no.

Many years ago, during the reign of the Emperor Tsukune, there lived an old Zen master, Dave by name, not far from the imperial summer palace. The master was famed for his wit, and it was the custom of young

noblemen to journey from the summer palace to test their skills as "joking men" against him.

It was not long before the young emperor heard of this practice and determined to travel to the Zendo and match his wits against the wily master. Therefore, he set out in the month of the azure blossoms, accompanied by two young noblemen and an escort of forty fanatically loyal and seasoned samurai. The samurai were necessary as the empire was then troubled by the activities of the rebellious shogun Bobo, whose troops had twice tried to seize the divine personage of the emperor.

When the emperor arrived at the Zendo, the master greeted him and his retinue in the temple's water garden.

Do dirty jokes come from "friends"?



Answer: No.

"What could be funnier than a brown frog at rest next to a rock more beautiful than he?" asked the old man, leaning on his stick, a staff carried by Zen masters.

The emperor looked thoughtful. "Is there an answer to that question?" asked His Highness after the passage of some moments. "Certainly," said the master, and reaching out with his staff he soundly cracked the emperor on the head. After the shock wore off, the emperor and his retinue burst out laughing. For what indeed could be funnier than the god-person of the emperor being struck on the head by the stick of a penniless old man? After the emperor had stopped laughing, he spoke to the old man.

"Surely that is funny, yet I think

perhaps there is something funnier. How's about I have my forty fanatically loyal and seasoned samurai break your stick into a thousand pieces and shove them up your ass?"

"Truly that is funny," the master chortled as the samurai seized him, "but it is a dirty joke."

"That's okay," said the emperor, as his forty fanatically loyal and seasoned samurai broke up the old man's stick, "we're all men here!"

Thus we see that every culture has its dirty jokes. Hoary old chestnuts handed down from dim antiquity, a crude humor as ancient and as powerful as the primal taboos that were its generative source, and almost as funny. The young reader glances up from the page and a look of troubled innocence grieves fresh features. Could the author refer to the taboo general amongst the Melanesians that forbade the mention of ingrown tit hairs, or their consumption? The answer is: ritually.

**AGES OF HUMOR** Jokes about feces or elimination are those with which we first become familiar. A story frequently told in the school yard springs to mind.

"Ya see, there was this boy whose name was Johnny or something like that, and all the time he went to the bathroom in arithmetic in his pants. Well, he had this teacher whose name was Mr. Marvin, who was mean. And every time Johnny went to the bathroom in his pants, Mr. Marvin would send him home. Well, one day Johnny farted in class and said, 'Don't get mad at me, I'm just talking about it.'" (Laugh here.)

The taboos and rituals of elimination lose some of their hold over us when sexual fears and desires supersede them at puberty. It is at this time we realize that only a real shit-eater goes around making turd jokes, talking about "choking darkies" or "having a tar baby" or "dumping the president" or "dropping the big one through the bum shoot's hair sights," or referring to farts as "taking a Republican breathalyzer" or "Polack mating calls" or "honking for Jesus." Nor as one grows more mature does one refer to the simple act of urination as "making a better world for fish" or "draining the snake" or say, "Well, that's so much more for the boat people."

We realize that "boner" jokes are the proper jokes to make at the age of thirteen. Perhaps the most familiar of all boner jokes concerns a young man named Johnny Fuckerfaster. As this young man is still alive, I will not repeat this joke; he certainly suffered enough during his early high-school years. The other obvious joke of this nature concerns the Olde Logge Inne, a Connecticut roadhouse. Unfortunately, the magazine's legal advisers tell me the management of that hostelry has become exceedingly litigious over the years, and even the simple repetition of such a well-known jest might be enough to provoke a lawsuit.

Another well-known example of the boner joke concerns three young soldiers, all dead now, who were told by the commandant of their prison camp that they would be released if the total

length of their penises exceeded fourteen inches. Duly they were measured, and the total length of their tackle was fourteen and one-half inches. "You fellows are lucky I've got nine inches of pink steel," boasted the first GI. "Hah," laughed the second, "you dogfaces can thank your lucky stars I pack five inches of meat-seeking-muff rocket!" "Well," said the last soldier, "it's a break for you foot soldiers I was never circumcised." (This would be a perfect example of self-deprecating boner humor that seeks to release adolescent male tensions concerning relative penis size, except it didn't turn out to be funny but tragic, as the prison commandant overheard the men's exchange and, since the first two fellows were circumcised, assumed they were all Jews

proportion of their time on the road away from their wives and are insecure as a consequence.

As we pass middle age we return to jokes about boners once again. Impotence figures large.

"Gettin' into her with my wazoo," older men frequently say, "would be like trying to push a cigarette through the lid of a bean can." Or, "To get a hard-on out of me you'd have to hang me," or, "I ate thirty-one oysters trying for a boner. I spent the night in agony, but it was worth it; I passed two pearls."

Finally, in old age, we come full circle and return to feces jokes. Nothing could be more common in an old-age home than the tale of old Bill who woke up terrified one night thinking

he had gone to bed with a lit cigar only to find a turd stubbed out in the ashtray. Or the story of the elderly Jewish woman who urinated on the electric blanket and woke up swearing to high heaven that she wasn't Mrs. Rosenberg.

In the last and final stage, you miss humor and jokes, however bizarre, neurotic, or ill-intentioned, because you are dead.

## Do dirty jokes come from "friends" of "friends"?



**Answer: No.**

and recommitted them to the prison camp. Not one survived the war.)

As we leave behind the anguish and anxiety of adolescence, we enter the period of anxiety and anguish of adulthood. Jokes about jealous or unfaithful lovers become more common as we gain more experience with them.

Farmers love to tell the tale of the traveling farmer whose tractor breaks down late one night in a suburb of New York. Seeing some lights on, the farmer calls at a nearby house. The lady of the house answers the door and says, "Well, you can stay overnight; but you'll have to sleep with me, because my husband's a traveling salesman who is away and we only have one bed." This is obviously a revenge joke told by farmers who must spend a high

"gag" draw their comedic force not from ancient taboos or universal anxieties, but from the tensions and topics of the day. It was unusual, if not unheard of, to make jests at the expense of Africans before they had been imported; nor, for that matter, was it possible to make light of the customs of people from Trenton, New Jersey, before that town was incorporated by the butts who live there.

People who hail from the southern states might argue that we acquired Africans because native Indians weren't funny. The truth is that southerners imported Africans to laugh at because they were too stupid to understand jokes about people from Trenton, their collective hometown.

At best, ethnic gags help to diffuse

**ETHNIC "GAGS"**  
Jokes such as the ever-present, much deplored ethnic

the hostilities and sublimate the fears of one ethnic group for another by stereotyping and belittling the alien group as perceived by the fearful joker. At worst, they bulwark ancient prejudices, shore up old animosities, or get you stabbed in the ass with the sharpened and honed half pair of garden shears every minority-group member makes in metal workshop and carries at all times.\*

In the country of the blind, remember, the one-eyed man would likely be the butt of a lot of unpleasant jokes. He could, of course, retaliate with sight gags.

Ethnic jokes, like other kinds of information, move across racial, religious, and national boundaries. These "jokes in transition" must be modified

so that they may be transmitted with no offense to the party on the other end of the joke.

For example, a young Jewish man, solicitous of his Irish friend's feelings, told him the following joke in such a way that the Irishman could not possibly take offense. The two were seated in a bar, and the Jewish man pointed to a particularly repulsive customer leaning against the bar.

"Do you see that redheaded lout over there propped against the bar like a laundry bag full of filthy socks thrown over a rail?"

"Yes, I mean that fellow with the brown-and-white foam coming out of his mouth with every bigoted and misconceived word he says and his ignorance lighting up his eyes like a couple of Coast Guard search beams.

"Well, I would be willing to bet you that that fellow is either half baboon and half Polish or a full-blooded...guess what?"

His Irish friend thought for a while. Then with a delighted cry he shouted, "Cherokee!" And they both had a good laugh.

I like to share a good gag with my black friends; after all, if we could only learn to laugh together, we could learn to live together. I'm careful to turn the jokes around so that *white* people are the butt, which is okay because almost all my relatives are white. Jokes like, "There was the two white guys who were robbin' this liquor store, and they, like, pulled a gun on the owner, who was also white, and he says to them, 'I know it's Wild Irish Rose, and I know it's the quart, but what I want to know is how many plastic cups you honkies want.'"

Never fails to get a laugh, and shows how the ethnic gag can be so easily turned around to become a useful tool for smoothing racial tensions.

resemblance to those of the dead Irish humorist Brian O'Nolan. Similarly, *Playboy* magazine's popular party-joke page often gives us a good laugh with jokes to which more than one author might lay claim. Our unabashed dictionary defines this as plagiarism.

Good humor, of course, is no one's property. As I once said in a copyright article: Laughter is the communism of the mind. When the first chuckle emerges, all desires, hopes, fears, and regrets, both conscious and unconscious, are submerged in the convulsive unity of the guffaw.

Good jokes or apropos witticisms, like odoriferous feet and wallets just lying there on the sidewalk, are a portion of the common heritage of our species.

## Do dirty jokes come from Chinese waiters?



**Answer: No.**

**A CULTURE'S TASTES AND VALUES CHANGE** Two short months ago, referring to the editor of *Penthouse* magazine as an "alky turd burglar" was the zenith of wit in fashionable social circles in New York. It has, in the course of time, become a mere workaday commonplace. This illustrates how a culture's tastes and values change.

**WHERE JOKES COME FROM** Published jokes are often of confused parentage. Alexander Cockburn's widely read column in New York's *Village Voice* is often filled with ribaldries bearing a striking and unacknowledged

## THE WORKHORSE OF CONVERSATION

The joke is the workhorse of conversation, or, as I like to say, jokes are the workhorses of conversation. They help break the ice at dinner parties, set the tone of business meetings, help make new friends, and assist old pals in getting reacquainted. Without jokes, conversation of any kind between people would be difficult, not to say impossible, rather than demanding, not to say unattainable.

A joke tells you as much about a man or woman as their best friends could tell you in a drunken heart-to-heart. A man or woman with a sharp appearance, a bright demeanor, and a snappy up-to-the-minute joke in line with the latest opinions shows you that they're on the level—good people to do business with and good people to be friends with. There is no surer way to spot a real "comer."

On the other hand, or, as I like to say, by the by, there is no surer way to spot a "burnout," a "hanger-on," a "relic," or a "climber" than by the jokes they tell or how they respond to

*continued on page 73*

\*The best way to tell ethnic jokes is to preface them by loudly remarking, "It's okay for me to tell this; my grandmother was one." If you feel this does too great an injury to your grandmother's memory, say to your listener, "I know it's okay for me to tell you this because your grandmother was one."

# Interview with the Thi

by John Weidman and Gerry Sussman

**Interviewer:** Ladies and gentlemen, I have a man with me today who is very, very unusual, a man who claims to be thirty-five years old—a thirty-five-year-old man.

**Man:** Yes, on Thursday I'll be thirty-five years old exactly.

**Interviewer:** That's a lot of years. You must have done a lot of living and packed a lot of experience and wisdom into all those years. I'll bet you've got a lot of stories to tell....

**Man:** You bet your running shoes!

**Interviewer:** Tell me, sir... what was it like when you were a child?

**Man:** It wasn't like today, believe me. We didn't have toys like Hot Wheels and mopeds and trail bikes. A good toy in those days was a pink ball. We called it a "spaldeen." It was a little ball, but it was lively. You could bounce it. You could throw it against a wall. You could punch it.

**Interviewer:** Is that all you got for a toy?

**Man:** Sometimes we got a stick, so we could hit the pink ball.

**Interviewer:** As a thirty-five-year-old man, you must have been witness to some of history's greatest events and been around many of the greatest people who ever lived. Did you know John F. Kennedy?

**Man:** Know him? I voted for him. Lovely man... lovely wife... cute kids... filled the world with hope... I'll never forget that picture of him, walking on the beach....

**Interviewer:** What about Martin Luther King?

**Man:** The Negro, right? I used to see him on the six o'clock news.

**Interviewer:** Sir, who do you think was the most important man you ever came across in your thirty-five years?

**Man:** That's a toughie. I would say... I would say that the most important person I ever came across was Howard Johnson.

**Interviewer:** Howard Johnson?

**Man:** Absolutment! That man was a genius. Invented twenty-eight different flavors of ice cream. Before him, what did we have? Vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry.

**Interviewer:** Well, there were other flavors.

**Man:** Name them.

**Interviewer:** Butter pecan, coffee, uh...

**Man:** Well, smarty?

**Interviewer:** Cherry vanilla.

**Man:** Forget it, buddy. Before Howard Johnson there was nothing. When I saw those orange-and-blue houses I knew I could get twenty-eight flavors. And those little cookies. I didn't like the fried clams.

**Interviewer:** But don't you think people like Winston Churchill, Einstein, Charles de Gaulle... don't you think they were more important?

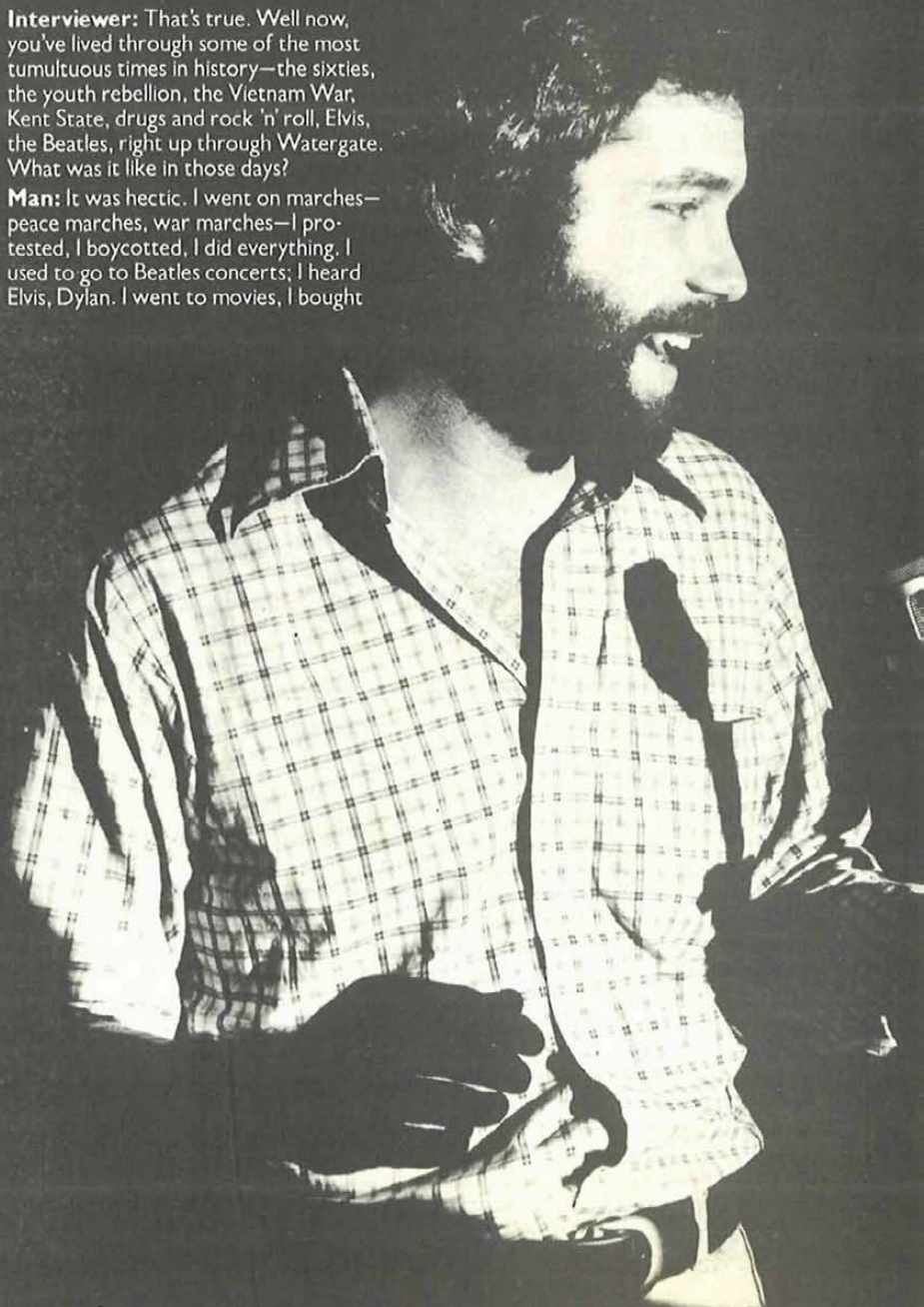
**Man:** Did they invent twenty-eight flavors?

**Interviewer:** That's true. Well now, you've lived through some of the most tumultuous times in history—the sixties, the youth rebellion, the Vietnam War, Kent State, drugs and rock 'n' roll, Elvis, the Beatles, right up through Watergate. What was it like in those days?

**Man:** It was hectic. I went on marches—peace marches, war marches—I protested, I boycotted, I did everything. I used to go to Beatles concerts; I heard Elvis, Dylan. I went to movies, I bought

records, I went to parties, I smoked dope, I had girl friends. I carried on like a wild Indian. One day, I got this terrible pain in my chest. I thought it was gas, but it wouldn't go away, so I went to a doctor and he said to me, You know, you're not a youngster anymore, you're thirty-two years old; you've got to slow down, take it easy. So now I just watch TV a lot.

**Interviewer:** As a thirty-five-year-old man, you've seen a lot, no doubt about it. What do you think was the single most



# irty-five-Year-Old Man

important invention of your time?

**Man:** The single most important invention of my time was Sangria.

**Interviewer:** Sangria?

**Man:** A wonderful invention... a delicious beverage. You can add water to it, you can add seltzer to it, you can have it red, you can have it white. It's not too sweet, not too tart... you can drink it all night and you'll never throw up.

**Interviewer:** Sangria... a very versatile beverage. But...

**Man:** [Interrupts]... you could add fruit to it, all kinds of wonderful fruit... oranges, pineapples, lemons, apples. And when you're finished you could suck on the fruit! You could suck on a lemon that was full of wine. Boy, did I love that drink!

Sangria... you could put a potato in it and it would still taste wonderful! I wish I had some right now.

**Interviewer:** Sangria is wonderful, but don't you think the invention of the atomic bomb, the polio vaccine, things like that, were pretty important?

**Man:** I forgot all about them. They were important, too.

**Interviewer:** Let's get back to some of the famous people you came across in your life. Did you know the Beatles?

**Man:** I got every record they ever made. In stereo. I loved those kids. They were my idols.

**Interviewer:** Yes, well, they were everybody's idols... but did you really know them?

**Man:** Better! I knew them through their work—their records, their concerts, their

movies. I saw *A Hard Day's Night* sixteen times. I read books about them, magazines...

**Interviewer:** Let's go back a little further... before the Beatles. Marilyn Monroe—did you know her?

**Man:** A lovely girl... a very sweet, beautiful girl... and a very underrated actress... a really great comedienne... Did you see her in *Some Like It Hot*? Also a darn good serious actress. Did you see *Bus Stop*? *The Misfits*?

**Interviewer:** I agree. But how well did you actually know Marilyn Monroe?

**Man:** In a sense I knew her very, very well. I knew her... more intimately than my own girl friend. I'll tell you why. When I was thirteen or fourteen, there was this picture of her... no, not a picture, a calendar... a very nice calendar... very useful to tell the dates... I used to use it for years.

**Interviewer:** I don't understand...

**Man:** I used to hang that calendar on the wall in the bathroom and look at it. I'd study it. I'd really look at it. I'd memorize it. Sometimes I took it with me when I went to bed and I...

**Interviewer:** [Interrupts] I see. Well, let's go on to something else. How about sports?

**Man:** How about sports? Sports are very cute.

**Interviewer:** What was your greatest moment as a sports fan? You must have seen some of the most memorable sporting events of all time. Roger Bannister breaking the four-minute mile, the Mets winning the '69 series, Muhammad Ali, the Olympic Games... Which moment was your all-time favorite?

**Man:** My all-time favorite was in 1971. I was watching a Cincinnati-Chicago Cubs game on TV. It was the second game of a doubleheader; Wally Post came up with the bases loaded and hit a double off the wall, three runs scored, and the Reds won. I'll never forget that day.

**Interviewer:** That must have been exciting, but...

**Man:** [Interrupts] Exciting, hell. I won twenty-two dollars! It was unforgettable.

**Interviewer:** Well, it looks like we're almost out of space. As a thirty-five-year-old man, do you have any parting words, any advice for the people out there?

**Man:** Never order fish on a Sunday in a restaurant. It's not fresh. Fish markets are closed on Sunday. If you go to a restaurant on a Sunday, have a steak or a hamburger. If you eat fish, you'll get sick. □



# How to Tell a Dirty Joke

W  
R  
O  
N  
G



"Boy, I heard a great one at the office today!"



"A couple of drunks are in a bar and they go to take a leak. see. And they're really drunk and everything, and one of them is so drunk that when he gets done pissing, he leaves his cock hanging out. So they go back to the bar and they're just about to order another drink when the first drunk looks down and sees the second drunk's cock hanging out of his pants over the side of the barstool..."

R  
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T



"Fellow at Elaine's was telling me this fabulous story the other night about George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart..."



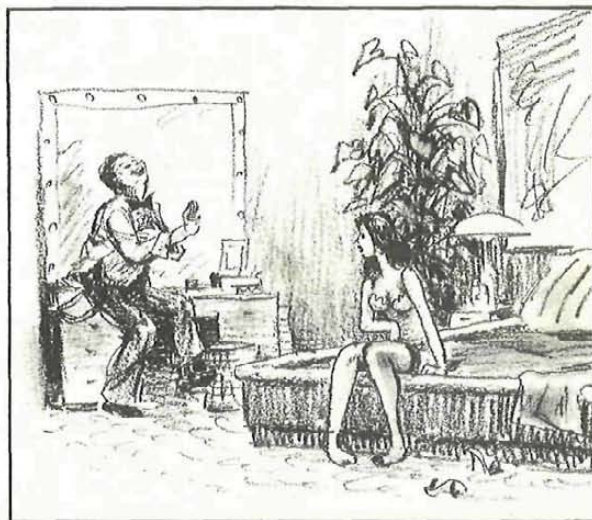
"You know how they used to drink, and it seems that one night they were at the Stork Club and both of them had quite a load on. Well, they went to the men's room together and Kaufman was so stewed that when he got done at the urinal he forgot to button his fly and left his, ahem, male organ protruding from his pants. They go back out to the bar and sit down, and Moss Hart looks down and sees Kaufman—you know, he was supposed to be rather well endowed—anyway, sees Kaufman's 'private part' dangling over the edge of the barstool..."



# e to a Woman by P.J. O'Rourke



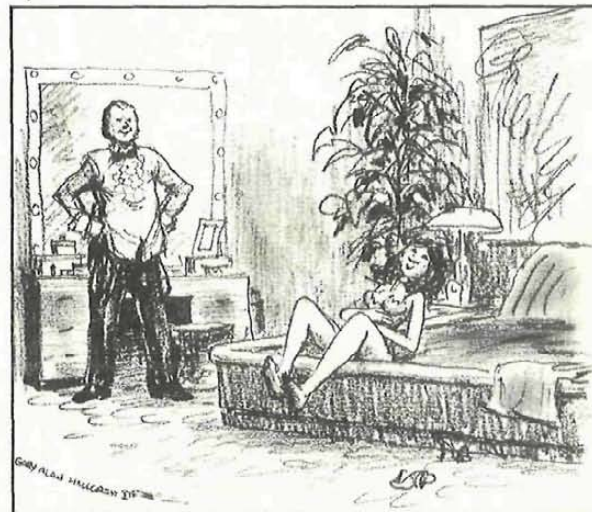
"'Oh my God!' he says, 'there's a snake on your barstool! Hold still and I'll kill it!' And he grabs a bottle by the neck and whacks the guy's cock with it. 'Oooooow!' yells the other guy, 'hit it again quick, the fucker just bit me!'"



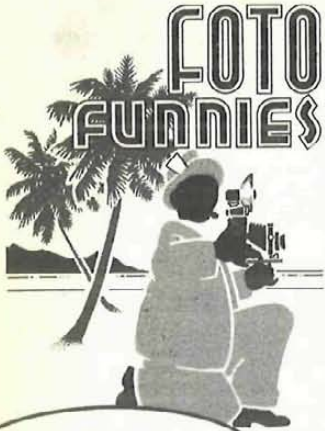
"Huh?"



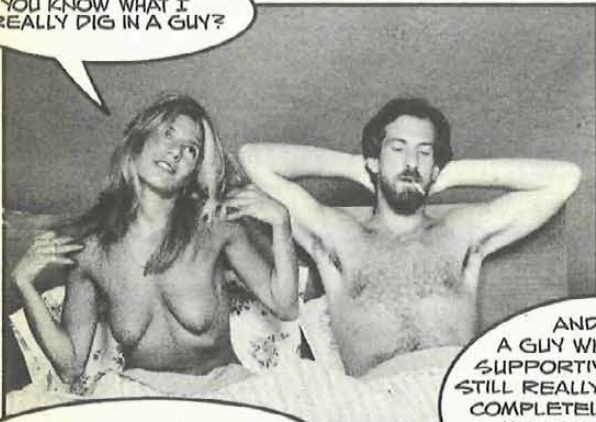
"Well, Hart does a double take, reaches back over the bar, and takes a bottle of Remy by the neck and says, 'George, there's a huge snake crawling up your barstool. For Christ's sake, don't make a move and I'll kill it!' So Hart takes a swing with the bottle and smashes Kaufman right in the you know where. 'Jesus Christ!' screams Kaufman, 'hit it again! The damned thing just bit me!'"



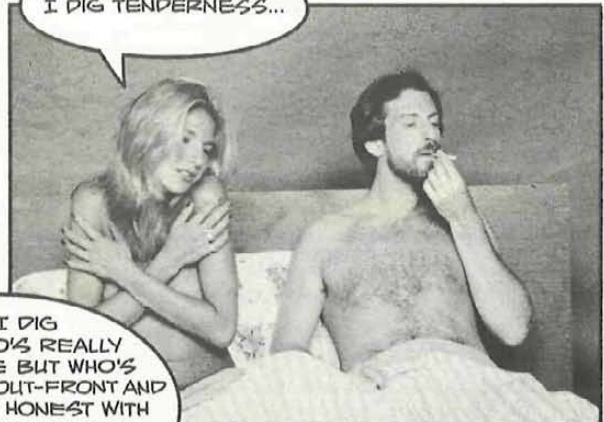
"He-he he-he he-he he-he, God, that's the funniest thing I've ever heard in my life! What a riot!"



YOU KNOW WHAT I REALLY DIG IN A GUY?



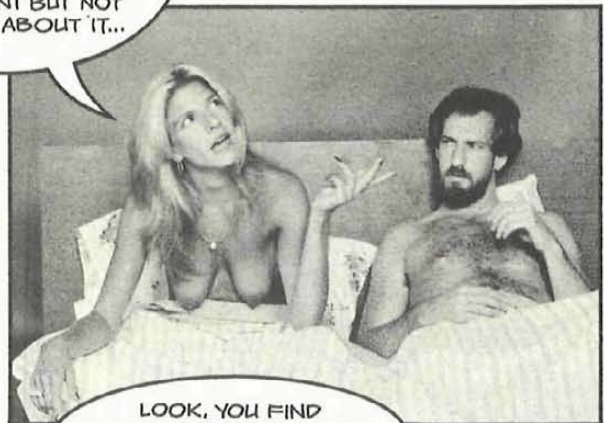
I DIG TENDERNESS...



...AND A LOT OF STRENGTH.



AND I DIG A GUY WHO'S REALLY SUPPORTIVE BUT WHO'S STILL REALLY OUT-FRONT AND COMPLETELY HONEST WITH ME, TOO. AND REALLY INTELLIGENT BUT NOT STUCK UP ABOUT IT...



A GUY WHO'S, LIKE, COOL AND EVERYTHING, BUT IS STILL IN TOUCH WITH HIS EMOTIONS, AND REALLY ASSERTIVE, BUT ALSO GIVES ME, LOTS OF MY OWN SPACE TO BE IN....

LOOK, YOU FIND A GUY LIKE THAT AND I'LL FUCK HIM!



# My Life of Practical Joking

by John Stemp

I RECALL PLAYING MY first practical joke when I was about four years old. Our family had this bad-tempered, bulbous teenage girl for a baby-sitter, who would lay on the couch and shake to the Saturday-night version of "American Bandstand" like an undulating queen termite being rolled around by her colony of bugs. She was also an epileptic, in the days before those kind of people had any useful drugs, but my parents figured that at a quarter an hour the possibility of her having a grand mal and crushing a TV tray or two was worth the risk. I took a green bean from the dirty dinner plates in the sink and snuck up behind the couch and put the bean in her hair. Not a particularly clever gag, but I was four, an age when beans can be extremely amusing.

As I got older, I took to torturing my little sister with terrors and humiliations of every description. Being in a Catholic family, I liked to play "priest," where I would pin towels to

my shirt for vestments and construct an altar by draping more towels over a card table. During "Mass" I would give communion to my sister. She devoutly raised her head, opened her mouth, and closed her eyes, and I'd lay a whole Fizzie on her tongue or sometimes a fresh wet glob of chewed-up food.

One time, Alan Basset and I found her secret diary—one of those cheap, vinyl, "kid" diaries with a ponytailed subteen on the cover drawn by a Korean who'd never seen a ponytail or a subteen. Of course, we filled the entire book with obscenities and squished a grasshopper between the middle pages.

Once, after my sister had been frightened half out of her mind by a horror movie about a Cyclopean insect that attacked the Pacific Northwest, I captured a two-inch June bug and attached it to a piece of kite string, then hid in her closet until she went to bed. I released the bug, and it let out this head-splitting, high-pitched

whine like a two-cycle dirt bike as it circled the room and sent my sister into a shrieking, bawling panic. I tried to maneuver the bug so it would land on her, but she was moving around too much.

SOME YEARS LATER, I reprised the horror-movie joke in Lake Tahoe, where our family was on vacation. I met this kid whose brother raised pigeons, so we put several in a shopping bag and took them into a movie theater that was showing *The Birds*. It was the Saturday matinee, so the theater was packed with hundreds of small children. We let the pigeons out during the scene where the woman discovers a man in her hallway whose face had been pecked off, and almost immediately the theater was a bedlam of horrified kids running up and down



the aisles and crawling under the seats. We ran out when the manager started shooting at the birds with a BB gun.

There was an occasion where my little sister actually assisted me in a practical joke, of sorts, committed on a number of red ants. I used four or five sets of plastic interlocking bricks to build a massive, fully enclosed labyrinth, which occupied nearly all of our patio. I dropped the ants into a sort of staging pen, then herded them into the maze. When they eventually emerged from the opposite end, after traveling what I determined were thousands of grueling ant miles, I picked up each ant and gave it to my sister, who dipped it into a boiling pot of ant broth she had prepared on one of those toy stoves that actually work. My theory was that we were snuffing the exhausted ants just at the moment they thought they had survived an interminable, anguishing journey through a thousand-mile prison.

**T**WO PLACES WHERE I did a lot of practical joking were at school and on my paper route. I had a morning route, which was license to be up when there are the least amount of people or police to moderate your behavior. I did all the usual stuffing of oranges into exhaust pipes and pushing of cars out into the middle of the street. However, Ted Cummings and I once climbed in the window of the home of Marilyn Dibiasi, this girl we found out had narcolepsy and wouldn't wake up no matter how

much noise we made. We put red fingernail polish all over the middle of her nightgown and left a note telling how much fun we had screwing her while she was asleep.

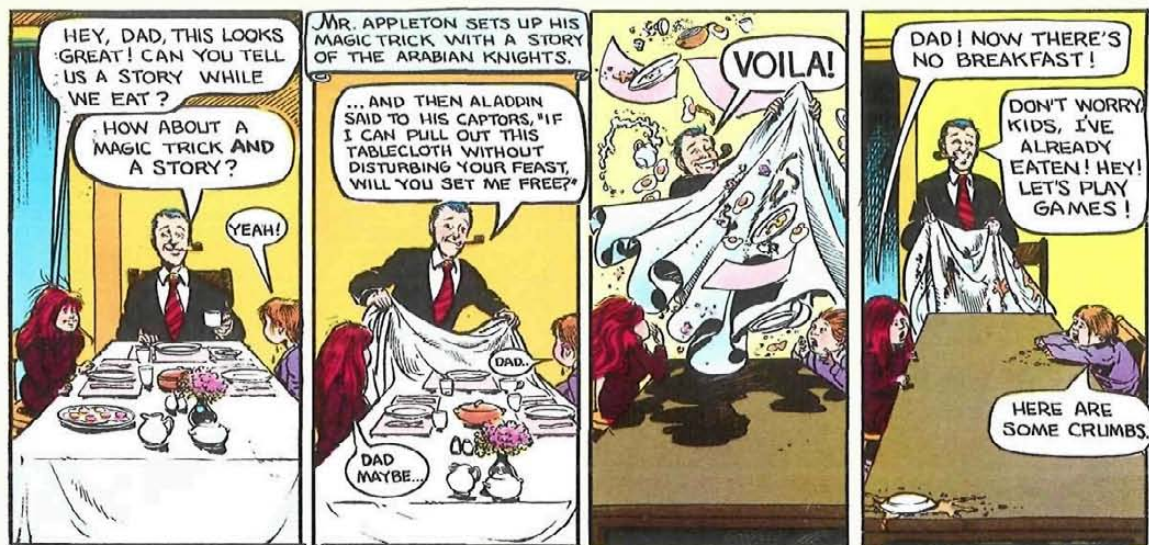
**S**HE HAD THIS REAL protective, shrewish mom who we knew would go directly to the police and maybe even really make a spectacle of herself by showing up at our school and asking questions at the playground. I had developed a fairly comprehensive understanding of the telephone by this time in my life, so I milked the joke for over a year by calling the Dibiasis almost daily with new pornographic information about their daughter. Mrs. Dibiasi made a pathetic attempt to play coy and draw me into a meeting with her "so we could talk about [her] daughter face-to-face like adults." I think I must have sent her to thirty or forty bars full of Negroes before she gave up.

In addition to sleeping sickness, Marilyn had several other major things wrong with her—kids like her usually had all sorts of exotic diseases at one time—so she died. Emmett Haddad claimed he sent two pizza delivery men and a professional clown to her funeral, and although he was one of those extraordinarily twisted and scary kids who never knew the difference between a joke and poking someone in the spine with a drawing compass, I never believed the story.

I played a lot of great jokes at school on teachers like Sister Mary John the

Baptist, a wizened, dottering old cow who spent the bulk of her declining years selling candy bars to help pay the cost of canonizing Mother Seton. I had a gigantic pet gecko—a prehistoric-appearing lizard that looks like it's made out of gypsum wallboard and adobe and has lots of creepy nodules and fins all over its body—that I snuck into class in my lunch box. During recess I turned the middle drawer on her desk upside down and jammed the gecko into it from underneath. When Sister John sat at her desk and opened the drawer, the gecko dropped onto her lap; she couldn't see it, however, because the drawer blocked her view. So she reached down with her hand to investigate and the gecko shot straight up her arm. She jumped up and tried to shake it off but caught her rosary on the drawer. The crucifix snapped off, and she fell flat on the floor, which for a nun is the absolute worst thing, imagewise, that can happen.

The Mexican kids at school were the best at really disgusting jokes because they were the least afraid of dead animals and insects or dissecting them, which I imagined at the time was because they were used to helping in the kitchen in their homes. In fact, Alejandro Noriega was the one who taught me how to tie a June bug on a string. He was also responsible for collecting two or three cubic inches of grasshopper tobacco—that chunky brown gunk they spit up when you squeeze them—and putting it in Mary Jane Richardson's peanut-butter sandwich. He and his friends hovered over her as she ate it. Then Alejandro, who was the only ten year old I'd ever seen who wore mirror sunglasses, revealed



in his characteristic deadpan that she was eating poison "grasshopper guts" and that it would kill her. Her parents transferred her to public school a couple of days later, and, the last I heard, she turned into a notorious whore and finally wound up married at fourteen to a guy who ran a frozen-banana stand on Balboa Island.

I joined the Boy Scouts in the seventh grade as an excuse to get out of the house and generally screw off. It was a disaster, though, because our patrol leader was Thad Eminowski, a vicious, hulking lout who had literally kicked my ass around the paper station when both of us had routes. At the time, I would most accurately have been described as an electronics geek, with all of the physical features ordinarily associated with that type of child, and for which Thad brutalized me at every opportunity. He once gave me a Life Saver that I later found out he had pissed on.

Thad and I managed to strike a tenuous alliance, however, at Camp Geronimo, where our troop spent two weeks living in the forest and drinking cherry blends. I had helped Thad steal a clutch for his go-cart a week before, which apparently prompted him to recognize the ingenuity I might bring to his program for troublemaking at camp. We spent most of our time putting pinecones and cornflakes in sleeping bags, and peeing in camp fires, and tying up the scoutmaster's underwear in knots, until one day when we took a spindly, sickly looking Syrian kid from another troop on a snipe hunt, which he pronounced "sneep." "Where is the sneep? Where is the sneep?" he kept crying out in a voice loud enough to

frighten any animal he might ostensibly be looking to catch.

We ditched him around a hundred yards off the trail, and he wasn't found until three days later, when he stumbled through the woods behind the NRA rifle range and took a .22 long in the kidney. He evidently pronounced our names perfectly to the camp director, and we were sent home.

By high school I had pretty much given up practical joking in favor of common vandalism and driving around drunk. College, however, was different because I joined a fraternity, which, like all the other fraternities, imposed a type of stunt honor that compelled us to pull off a continuous succession of RFs and pranks until graduation. We disassembled cars and put them in their owners' rooms, and RF'd the fraternity house with fifty-five-gallon drums of cattle entrails, and sealed up dorm rooms over Christmas vacation with bricks and plaster, and all of the usual stuff.

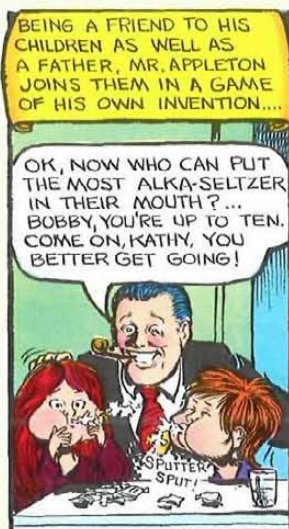
Then drugs came along and my behavior reverted to a type of vandalism by omission. I reasoned that by simply not doing anything, all around me would deteriorate and break down on its own. I calculated that a refrigerator, for example, would last about ninety days in my kitchen; a screen door, three weeks; and a piece of artwork, no more than an afternoon.

**A** SHORT WHILE after graduation, I decided to get back into pure, straightforward practical

joking, and to start off with a really great one. I found out that Thad Eminowski worked with a friend of mine and that their company was transferring Thad to Hong Kong. My friend also told me Thad planned to cat out with his family the night before he was supposed to leave. So I snuck into Thad's house while he was at the restaurant and hid a loaded handgun in his luggage, as well as a box of Plasti-pak syringes; photocopies of technical drawings from sophisticated military aviation journals; a vial of cocaine; a notebook containing the phone numbers of several banks in Mexico City, Jack Ruby's widow, and a Mafia-owned bar in Miami; navigational charts of a section of the Indian Ocean surrounding Diego Garcia; a handwritten receipt for \$1.5 million from an official in the Libyan foreign ministry; an eight-millimeter snuff film; and a slip of paper bearing an address in Hong Kong's seamy Wan Chai district, with the notation: "Lo Chen assures me the heroin is 96 percent pure. Remove all twelve footlockers of it to your hotel and wait." Then I doctored Thad's passport with typewriter whiteout and a ballpoint pen, taking care to do it as sloppily as possible.

Thad landed at Kai Tak airport, where customs agents noted the irregularities in his passport, ripped apart his bags, and led him to an interrogation room as gawking security men and tourists shook their heads and exchanged whispers about the ugly, mysterious nature of his deeds.

He was questioned for ten hours, then transferred to a holding cell at police headquarters where representatives of the US State Department in-



interviewed him and explained they could do little until Hong Kong authorities adjudicated serious drug and firearms charges against him. They told Thad the CIA would investigate other evidence found in his suitcases, and even in the event the Hong Kong government released him, which wasn't likely, he could expect to be detained for quite some time.

A company official in Kowloon informed the home office that Thad failed to report for work and that he was unable to learn from police or the embassy whether Thad had gotten into any trouble. The company in turn notified Thad's wife, Jane, who had already become unglued and begun to make inquiries of her own.

Thad's trial was scheduled to begin in forty-five days. The State Department continued to hold him incommunicado and refused to provide him with counsel, while a court-appointed Chinese attorney told Thad that he had no viable defense and that he would most likely be imprisoned for a long time.

On his eighth day in jail, Thad was assaulted by a gang of Shuentzui, a fanatic organization of Chinese criminals who demonstrate allegiance to the group by driving brass spikes through their ankle bones and carving vultures and rats on each other's genitalia. They forced Thad to commit a variety of sodomous acts, after which they beat him until he swallowed an entire caldron full of fish eyes and mop water.

By the time Thad reached his trial he had lost thirty pounds and was alarmingly psychotic.

I researched the Hong Kong criminal-justice system and discovered that

Shuentzui gangs impose brutal and absolute control over Chinese prison life, so I drove to the airport and paid a tourist departing for Hong Kong fifty dollars to take out a full-page ad in the Hong Kong *Times-Mail* reading: DEATH TO THE SHUENTZUI LILY PADS AND HOMOSEXUALS. THEY ARE STINK IN MY NOSTRILS—CREATURES WHOSE BELLIES SCRAPE THE EARTH. INTERESTED CITIZENS, CONTACT THAD EMINOWSKI FOR DETAILS.

**A**FTER THAD WAS sentenced to Chen Lin Prison on Lantau Island sixty miles offshore, a dozen Shuentzui inmates cornered him behind a storehouse and immersed him in a trough of several hundred thousand beetles. They relentlessly sodomized him, then carved mandarin death symbols on his forehead, cheeks, chest, back, calves, and hands.

In the meantime, I discovered that Thad's two children, Cory and Michelle, were considerably attached to a pet duck given them by a neighbor to help relieve the tension in their family, and also that Thad's wife had booked a trip to Hong Kong to search for her husband. I called Jane on the phone just before the airport limo was to pick her up at home, and said in the voice of an Oriental gangster, "If you ever want to see your husband again, kill your duck and bring it with you to Hong Kong. Failure to comply will be fatal."

The limo driver rang the doorbell, and Jane invited him in to pick up her

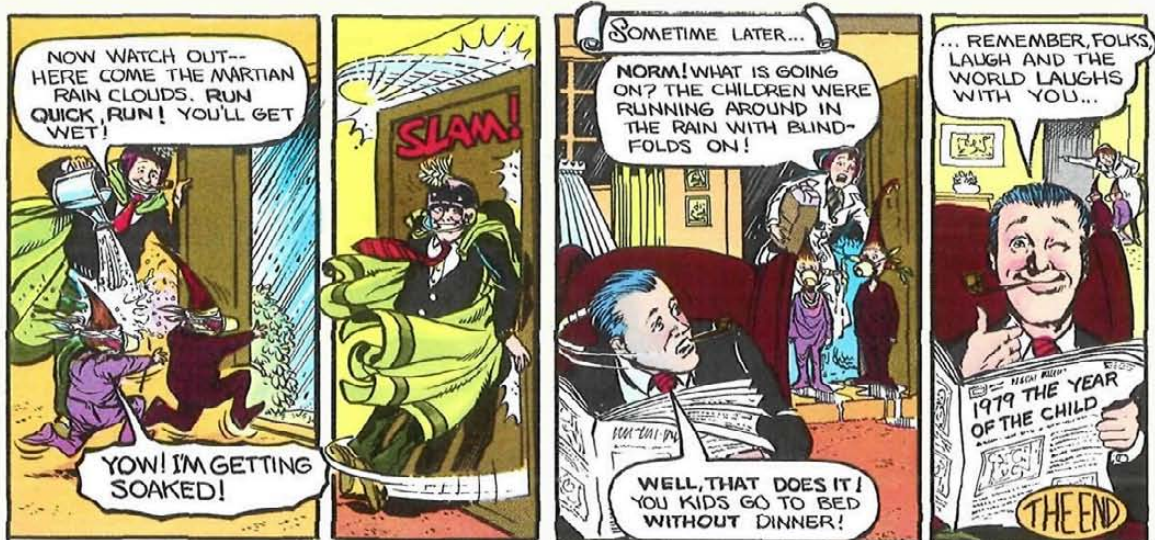
luggage as she bolted around the house in a desperate frenzy, badly shaken by the call and bewildered as to how she might go about murdering the duck.

Jane filled a pail with water and rushed to the backyard, where Cory and Michelle were playing with their pet. She asked Cory to give her the duck, then instructed them to go inside the house and watch television. As they left, the duck wriggled away from her and flapped toward the driveway. Jane ran the duck down, but before she could return to the backyard the limo driver told her that his passengers were late and that he would leave if she didn't get in immediately. Exasperated, Jane forced the duck's head into the bucket and held it there thrashing and screeching while she climbed into the backseat. Jane's children heard the commotion and scrambled to the sidewalk just in time to make out the final throes of their pet duck's feet through a tinted window as the limo pulled away. Jane turned to wave good-bye to them. Cory stood rigid and stunned; Michelle ran after the car in tears. The limo passengers gaped at Jane and the sloshing bucket of water and the dead duck with astonishment and revulsion, and conspicuously avoided her throughout the ride.

I knew Jane would be staying at the Ambassador Hotel, so I hired a private detective to instruct an associate in Hong Kong to enter Jane's hotel room while she was out and replace her dead duck with a live one. When Jane opened the suitcase she used to transport the carcass, a shrieking duck leapt into her face and rocketed around the room.

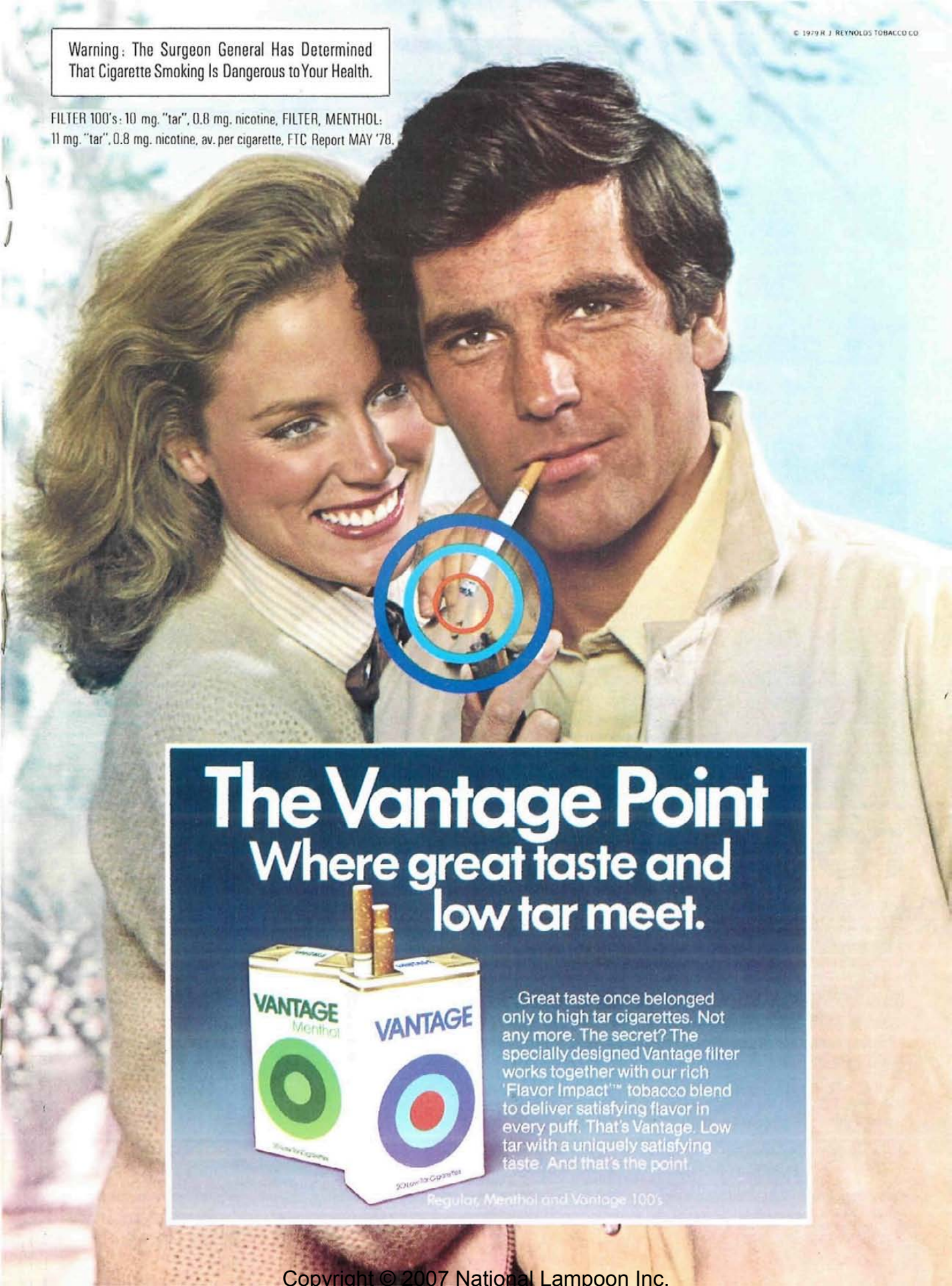
She was still in shock when a messenger

*continued on page 72*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



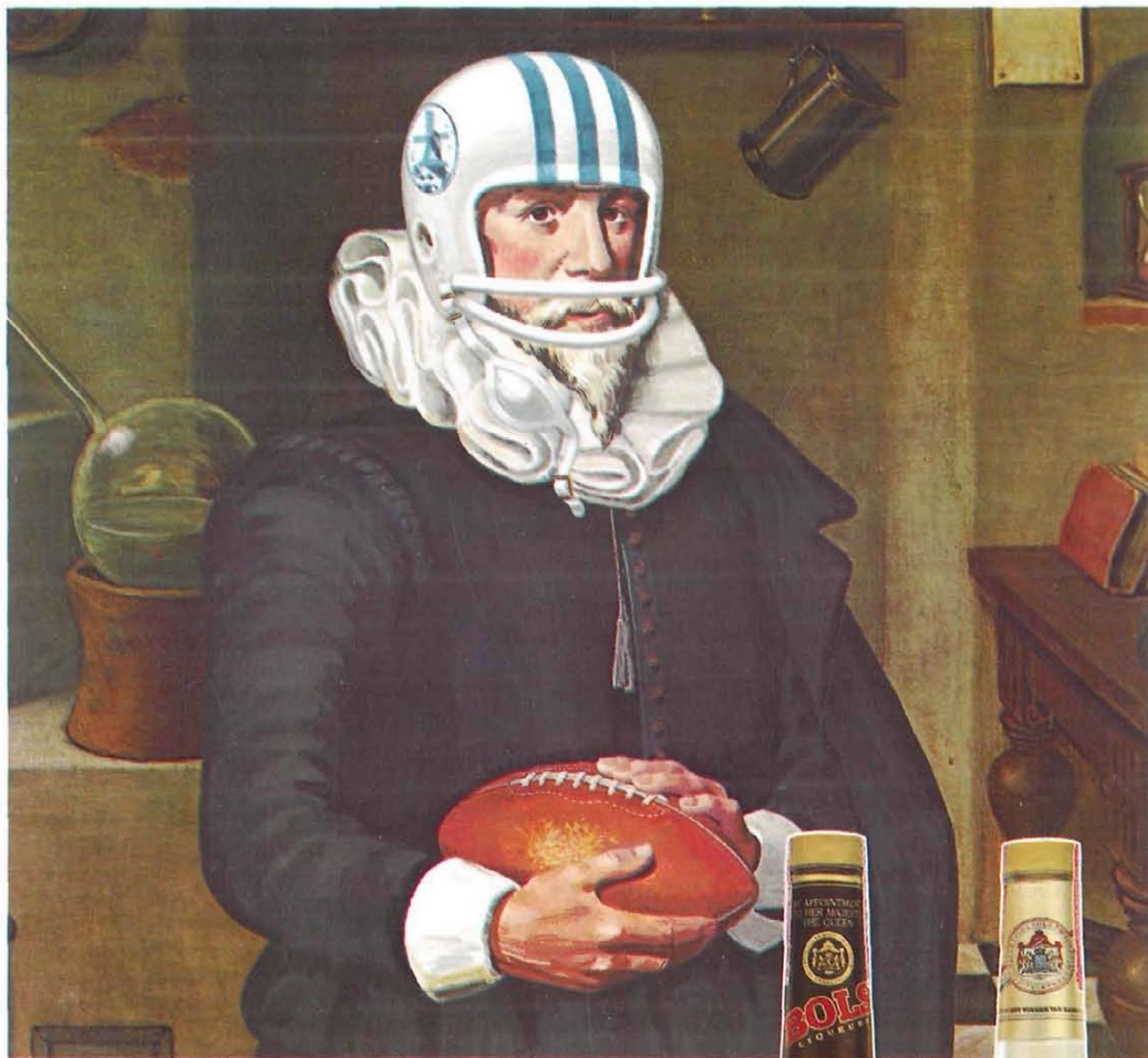
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He'd put in a hard day making liqueurs and brandies then hurry home. By kickoff time he was in front of his set.

Sometimes he fantasized...he could have been a great kicker if only it weren't for those wooden shoes!

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# laughtHER

The Magazine of Nonrepressive, Liberated Humor

Vol. 1, No. 3  
Oct. 1979  
\$1.25

A Publication  
of the  
Redondo Beach  
WOMEN'S  
HUMOR  
COLLECTIVE



WARNING: This magazine contains material  
that may be found offensive to men  
and hilarious to women!



The editors and their moms.

# laughtHER EDITORIAL

We do so have a sense of humor! And so do our moms! And we're going to prove it, too, right here in print, every month.

I mean, where do guys get off saying women don't have a sense of humor? That's like saying Negroes don't have a sense of rhythm.

We might well ask: Do *men* have a sense of humor?

Poor taste, shit, and those less fortunate than themselves—that's what men think is funny, I still have nightmares about the way my ex-husband made fun of my mother.

Lines like "I skinned your wife—now where's the bear I have to fuck?" leave them limp with laughter. I'm sure you're not amused.

Men are mean and cruel and nasty, and who cares what they think anyway?

Women have been making jokes since Adam first took off his fig leaf.

This tradition of incisive wit has been carried on by such notable women humorists as Anita Loos, Gertrude Stein, Dorothy Parker, Emily Dickinson, and Evelyn Waugh.

We feel that something special is happening here at Rendon Beach Women's Humor Collective... something magical and beautiful. Perhaps the souls of these stupendously talented sisters have entered our bodies, have convened here to create a female humor renaissance.

The world really needs us. It's full of people just insulting one another. *LaughtHER* adds a new perspective to this

bleak humor landscape. Our subject matter is not sexist, ageist, or offensive to homosexuals. All our material is chosen by a committee of tuned-in, mellow political activists dedicated to good taste and equality... and can be understood by twelve year olds.

We won't make fun of animals or people. We won't demean things. Our humor leaves no scars. It won't choke you or wound you. It won't make you gag or throw up or give you cramps. It will reflect the world around you. It's cheerful and perky and happy. It'll make you giggle and face the world with a sunny smile, while, of course, educating you.

We want *LaughtHER* to become a way of life. Those of you who wear and love our T-shirts will be glad to know we're planning a complete line of handcrafted plant hangers and ceramic bongos.

In addition to our nationwide publishing empire, we plan to have a *LaughtHER* home for battered women in every community and *LaughtHER* child-care centers so you can have the time to read our magazine.

We're getting into video, too.

It's not easy putting out a magazine, but we've done it on our own (unless you count my having to sleep with the typesetter—ha, ha).

And, we're proud.

*Kathy... Editor of the Month*

My husband.  
I think I'll dump him.



My husband, Bill. We've been married now for seven years. Seven boring, stupid, numbing years of prime-time television, visits to the in-laws, and twice-monthly fifteen-second sex. He's going nowhere on the job, he can't make conversation, and his breath smells. For seven years I've sacrificed myself to this pathetic lump of nothing. Reined in my potential, quashed my inborn talents and abilities, denied myself in every way to serve this total zero. But no more. Now I've discovered

**FUKITOL**

Yes, Fukitol, a magic formula that's helped me see Bill as the stupid twerp he really is. Fukitol, a potent combination of secret ingredients, which has given me the insight and the courage to commit myself to change and liberation. Fukitol. Taken as directed, it can turn your head around.

So long, Bill. Go fuck yourself.



**FUKITOL**

# laughtHER

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# A LaughtHER Interview



**Blake, Joyce:** Men think what's funny is what makes them laugh. But that's pure bullshit!

## Two Wild and Crazee "Gals"

by Gail Shipley

*I went down to the Funny Bone(r) the other night to catch the great new feminist comedy team of Blake, Joyce and Goldstein, Judy. The next day I talked to them in their apartment on the beach.*



**Goldstein, Judy:** The relationship between comedian and audience is usually a power relationship. We're trying to change all that.

**Me:** Why do you bill yourselves using your last names first? Is it cool for me to ask that?

**Joyce:** Sure. It's because that's what society tells you your name "really" is, right?

[Laughter.]

**Joyce:** It's like your *last* name is the most sacred, important, holy thing in the whole fuck-ing world, man. Until you get married, that is, right? Then all of a sudden your name isn't so important anymore—your *husband's* last name is this most marvelous wonderful thing that they give to you out of the generosity of their hearts... See?

**Me:** So with, like, the way you bill yourselves, you're just doing what society supposedly wants...

**Joyce:** Yeah, exactly, right, but, like, no, not really. I mean, it's a sarcasm thing, too, like.

**Judy:** Hey, but women aren't supposed to be sarcastic!

**Judy and Joyce:** [Together] Bullshit!

[Laughter.]

**Joyce:** That's our bullshit alarm. It's, like, a thing we have.

**Me:** Wow.

**Joyce:** I mean, like, I don't see why women aren't capable of being as sarcastic as men, right?

**Judy:** Right! And that's what our whole act is about, really. To prove that women can be as sarcastic as men.

**Me:** Well, how do you write your

material?

**Judy:** On a typewriter!

[Laughter.]

**Me:** No, really, you guys.

**Joyce:** Okay. We'll just be sitting around bullshitting, really, and one of us'll say something, and, like, usually it'll have to do with being sarcastic about, like, testicles? And we just sort of riff off each other.

**Me:** So it's completely spontaneous?

**Judy:** Well, we take notes and refine it, of course. For performances.

**Joyce:** 'Cause women are supposed to be so refined.

[Laughter.]

**Me:** Can you, like, give me an example?

**Joyce:** Okay... well... let's say I'm Judy's husband, and I've just come home from a hard day at the office, and she hasn't made dinner for me because she's studying for her bar exam.

[Both get into character, Joyce assuming a far-out "masculine" posture and lowering her voice, Judy looking very tired as she studies.]

**Joyce:** Hey, Jude, I'm home!

**Judy:** Mmm-hmmm...

**Joyce:** Hey! Where's my fuckin' dinner, you stupid cunt?

**Judy:** Please, Ted, I'm studying for my bar exam.

**Joyce:** A man works hard all day, he's entitled to his fuckin' dinner when he comes home. ya dumb clit! [Laughter.] Geez, my friends'll

think I'm, like, fuckin' emasculated or somethin'!

[More laughter.]

**Judy:** Oh, Ted, really now. Why don't you drive to McDonald's and bring us back a couple of Big Macs?

[Explosive laughter.]

**Joyce:** Oh, yeah? And what'll I tell the girl there, the cute little girl there behind the counter, when she asks me about my wife?

**Judy:** Why, tell her I'll have mine with french fries, dear.

[Uproarious laughter.]

**Joyce:** [As "herself" now] That sort of thing.

**Judy:** I loved your thing about calling me a dumb clit, Joyce.

**Joyce:** Thanks, Jude.

**Me:** It's really beautiful the way you two support each other. You can see that quality onstage, too.

**Judy:** Yeah, we try to embody that in our act—

**Joyce:** —and in our lives, too.

**Judy:** Right. Because I really believe that your comedy should reflect the totality of your life. Just as your life is more than just the totality of your comedy.

**Me:** Far out.

**Joyce:** Yeah. I think what helps Judy and me to work together so well is that we see comedy as a kind of vehicle for saying something *more*. More than just getting the laughs. I mean, like, neither of us thinks that comedy necessarily has to be *funny*, you know? □



# Humor

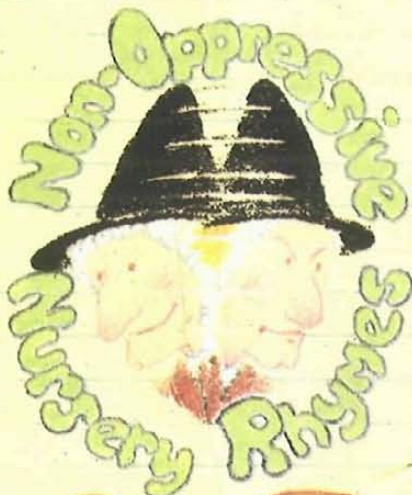
For

# Free Children



Little Ms. Muffet  
 sat on a tuffet  
 Eating her curds and whey  
 Along came a spider  
 And sat down beside her  
 Ms. Muffet just  
 shooed him away

Little Jack Horner  
 sat in a corner  
 Eating his Christmas pie  
 He stuck in his thumb  
 And pulled out a plum  
 Made a huge mess  
 and started to cry



## Right-On Riddles

Right-on Rachel: Why do men think women talk too much?

Liberated Linda: 'Cause they can't take any more of our lib!

Liberated Linda: How do you keep a moron in suspense?

Oafish Boy: I don't know. How?

Liberated Linda: I'll tell you tomorrow.



Right-on Rachel: How many women have been president of the United States?

Liberated Linda: Not enough!

Liberated Linda: What time was it when Daddy came home drunk last night?

Right-on Rachel: Time for Mommy to file for divorce!

## Knon-Sexist-Knock-Knock-Jokes

Knock, knock...  
Who's there?  
 Freida...  
Freida who?  
 Freida be a surgeon or an airline pilot when I grow up.  
 Yeah!



Knock, knock...  
Who's there?  
 Hiram...  
Hiram who?  
 Hiram if they do the job as well as women, fire 'em if they don't.  
 Right on!

Next month be sure to read the giggle-filled adventures of Chuckleberry Finn — Huckleberry's younger, smarter sister!

# BUY OUR T-SHIRT



Hey, sisters! Let the world know where you're coming from with one of *LaughtHER's* own, unique, "designer" T-shirts. These T-shirts (the T is for tee-hee, or should that be tee-she?!) are 100 percent natural cotton, stenciled with organic biodegradable ink, and individually handcrafted by members of the Redondo Beach Women's Folk Art and T-shirt Collective.

Supplies are limited, so order now.

Redondo Beach Women's Humor Collective.  
Redondo Beach, California 10018.

Sisters!  
Please send me:  
*LaughtHER* T-shirts at \$11.95 each.

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Femail

Dear LaughtHER:

Loved your piece on scrotal orgasms! Real satire! Right on!

Barbara Morris  
Maxpax, Cal.

Hey Sisters:

Here's a joke I heard. You think that I could get it printed in your super magazine? A man walks into a grocery store and goes up to these two sisters who, like, don't just work there but they own the place. And he says to them, "Do you have wieners?" And they say, "No, thank God, and you can bet we don't want yours!" How 'bout it?

Marlene Ritchie  
San Yoho, Cal.

Ed.: Here it is, Marlene. Thanks for the chuckle.

Dear Sirs (sic!):

My wife brought home a copy of your magazine. You know where it is now? It's in the toilet, like the piece of shit it is, that's where! You want a piece of free advice? Go shave your legs and take a bath and learn to cook a fuckin' roast. Then maybe some poor slob will slip you six stiff inches, which is what you're really begging for, for Christ's sakes!

Bill Masters  
El Emenoque, Cal.

Ed.: Thanks, Bill. Just what we expected. Really great.

Dear LaughtHER:

I'm so fat I'd slit my wrists if I could find them. Does that make you laugh? I've got a million more.

Lorraine Ennis  
Montezuma, Cal.

Ed.: Hey, Lorraine, we don't make fun of our sisters' misfortunes.

Sisters:

I just read your magazine and, like, the only thing that I can say is "Wow!" Too much! I mean, the shit you print is shit I can relate to. As a woman. Not a pile of sexist crap like "MASH," you know? Or "Beetle Bailey." Like that piece you did about the guy who had his dick shot full of silicone? And that cartoon about the guy who spent six hours in a shoe store trying to buy a pair of cowboy boots? Too fuckin' much! Hey, keep it up! I love it!

Angel Goldberger  
Oldport Beach, Cal.

Dear Ladies:

We've found several offensive words in your magazine (dyke, gash, monogamy), and on top of that, you have no viable plan for screening out male readers.

We quit.

Signed,  
Peg, Lisa, and Shelley,  
a splinter group that never wants to speak to you again

Ed.: We'll miss the constant hum of your vibrators.

Dear LaughtHER:

Wouldn't you know, now they have Avon men. The other day, my four-year-old son answered the door and there was our Avon man. He said to my son, "Is your mommy home?" My son said yes. Mr. Avon said, "May I see her, please?" My son said sure, led him down the hall, opened the bathroom door, pointed to me sitting on the can, and said, "That's my mommy."

Isn't he cute?

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Lorne Morton

Ed.: He certainly is! Be sure to write us again next time when he does something. But lucky you weren't raped. That wouldn't have been funny at all.

## My Mom's Favorite Joke

(This is Shary's mom's favorite joke. Send in your mom's favorite joke to: *LaughtHER*, Redondo Beach, California 10018.



# HARRIET THE HOMEMAKER

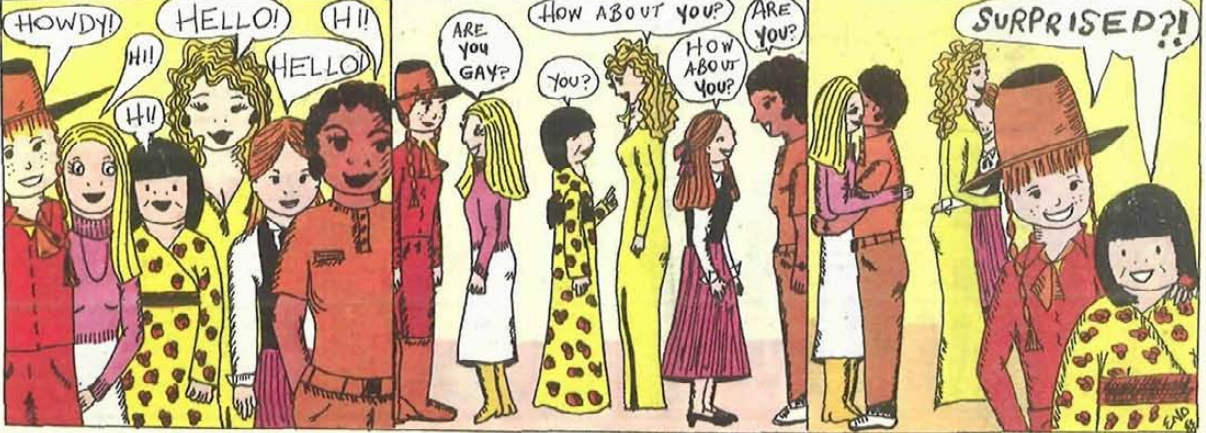
by Judy Detroit



## Bitter Cynical Divorced Comics



## WHICH ONE'S THE DYKE COMICS? by J<sup>2</sup> CTD







## BOBBY NOFKA

telling you, we'd rather hear Bobby do Lenny Bruce than Lenny himself. I swear, Bobby had it all down. Sometimes he'd go off on a riff where he'd just repeat the same Lenny Bruce joke over and over, and we'd still crack up. Like the one from the "Frank Dell at the London Palladium" routine where Dell says, "I just got back from Lost Wages—Lost Wages, Nevada." Bobby would walk around the party and interrupt people's conversation and say, "I just got back from a funny little place in Nevada called Lost Wages. Lost Wages, Nevada." All night long he'd repeat the words "Lost Wages." He'd sneak up on us and whisper it in our ears, or pop up from behind a sofa, or goose us, and say those magic words, doing it just like Lenny, with the same New York inflections: "Looorst Wages."

The odd thing about Bobby at these parties was that he couldn't make the chicks laugh. The guys would be pissing in their pants, but the girls thought he was a creep and not at all funny. Nowadays you always hear girls tell you that the first thing they look for in a guy is a sense of humor. So I could never understand why Bobby, the funniest guy in the neighborhood, could never score. And when a girl didn't laugh at Bobby's routine, he'd try harder. Finally, when everything bombed, he would get very sarcastic and insult the girl, saying stuff like, "Hey, Sheila, you don't have to put on fresh lipstick. Just use what you've got on your teeth." Maybe the girls were scared he'd cut them to pieces with his Bruce-isms or a Shelly Berman shtick.

A few years later Bobby went into his Jonathan Winters phase. You remember how nutty Winters was. Well, Bobby was even nuttier. He was spooky. We'd be walking on Madison Avenue near Brooks Brothers and he'd go right up to a well-dressed executive-type guy coming out of the store and say, "They're going to land on the roof, right behind us... the little people." And then he'd go into those weird Jonathan Winters sound effects. Most of those guys wanted to call the police and have Bobby carted away.

I had a theory about Bobby when he was in his Winters phase. I think all that rejection by the chicks during his Lenny Bruce phase made him look for a comedian who was even more far out, more into the sick stuff. Because whenever I'd ask Bobby about his love life, he'd make up stories that I knew

were lies. He still wasn't getting laid, but he was getting funnier.

The late sixties and early seventies were certainly crazy times for everyone. This is when I nearly lost touch with Bobby. He moved to California. Every now and then I'd get a phone call when he was in town, and he was always sounding different. Once he was George Carlin, another time he was Richard Pryor or Mel Brooks, even Cheech and Chong. I think he was confused because there were so many comedy styles to choose from.

Nowadays I see Bobby a lot. He's back in New York working in the advertising department of a big movie company. He's married (so I guess he gets laid once in a while) and has a daughter, age five. But he hasn't really changed. He's still one of the funniest people I know, only now he's into the new anticomedie comedy style.

For instance, at a party recently, Bobby stood up and read *The Golden Bowl*, a novel by Henry James, out loud to the entire group, just like Andy Kaufman did with *The Great Gatsby*. Bobby is into a new kind of thing—getting audience reactions, breaking all the rules. "No more jokes," he said. "You know what? I forgot all my jokes, all my old routines. They don't make it anymore. The only real comedy is spontaneous. It's got to come right out of yourself, right on the spot. You got to make yourself naked out there in front of your audience."

Is Bobby funnier now? Maybe not funnier, but different. Like I said, he was always a little ahead of his time. Next week, who knows? He may be doing old burlesque routines, old Jack Carter bits. If Andy Kaufman thinks burlesque bits are the next hip thing, you can be sure Bobby will be into it and have me rolling on the floor.

## JACK WORTHEIMER

"Shake it but don't break it, wrap it up and I'll take it." Jack is always "on" and works so hard to get a laugh that he sweeps you up with his energy and sheer nerve.

Once, Jack and I happened to be on the same California-to-New York flight, the one they call the "red eye" because it leaves Los Angeles around ten or eleven and lands in New York about five in the morning. If you can sleep on an airplane, this is your kind of flight. If you can't, you usually drink yourself into a stupor and just doze. But Jack wasn't having any part of sleeping or dozing. He was going nonstop. He was deter-

mined to put all the passengers in good spirits so that the trip would just "fly by in no time," as he quipped.

First, Jack did imitations of the pilot. You know, the guy who comes on and tells you a bunch of boring and useless information about where you are—like, flying over the Grand Canyon or the Ohio River—or telling you the temperature in Pittsburgh. Jack would walk up and down the aisle doing this imitation of the pilot until he woke up everybody. At first a lot of the passengers were a little annoyed and cranky, but Jack wouldn't let up until he had them all laughing in spite of themselves. He'd say something like, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is your pilot, Captain Crash Landing. I want to welcome you aboard Fly-by-Night Airlines, Flight 497, flying nonstop to JFK Airport in New York. Wait a minute, I'm sorry... that's Flight 326, flying nonstop to Beirut. No, I beg your pardon, it's Flight 86 to Istanbul... I was looking at the wrong map. Our estimated time of arrival is next Tuesday. We'll be flying at an altitude of twenty-nine feet at an average speed of sixty miles an hour, just five miles over the limit, so I don't think we're in danger of getting a speeding ticket. Our hostesses have supplied you with sexy magazines, whoopie cushions, and other party favors. There's a free bottle of booze for anyone over twenty-one, and I understand the movie tonight will be *Deep Throat*. If there's anything special you need from your stewardess, just press the little blue button on the arm of your seat and she'll be right over. I suggest you tip her at least five dollars."

By this time Jack is beginning to get the passengers on his side and he's really rolling. "This is Captain Landing again... I just want to remind you that when you see the Fasten Seat Belt and No Smoking signs go on, it simply means we're encountering a bit of turbulence, perhaps a temporary breakdown in our radar system, and sometimes our windshield wipers go on the fritz. Just routine problems, nothing to get upset about... unless we're flying through the mountains, which we usually have to do for about two or three hours. If you hear a very loud hum, it means that one or more of our engines is malfunctioning. If the hum stops and you don't hear anything, it means all our engines are malfunctioning. If you hear a door opening in the pilot's cabin, and a lot of air rushing in, it means I've just bailed out."

Just when you think Jack has exhausted his pilot routine, he comes up

continued

with another bit even more hilarious. He disappears into the bathroom for a minute and emerges as—are you ready for this?—an Arab hijacker. Right. Complete with burnoose and gun. He grabs one of the stewardesses and says, "Please accompany me to the pilot's cabin. This flight will be going to Libya. Do as I say and no one will be hurt." He really scares the hell out of the poor girl. For a minute, I thought Jack went a bit too far with that one. And then, for the clincher, just before we land in New York, he'll walk around the plane holding up a big piece of hardware that looks like an airplane bolt and tell the stewardess that it "fell off" in his hand. By the time we're on the runway he's actually getting applause. Some of the passengers even think he was hired by the airline as an entertainer.

I almost hate to say it, but Jack Worthheimer is one hell of a funny guy.

continued from page 40

## SANDI SPRINKLER

corset from the thirties or forties that she wore over the sweater like some kind of vest, all strapped up. In the daytime she usually wears modified clown makeup on her face and tops it all off with a sailor hat. When you walk down the street with Sandi, you better be prepared for anything.

Sandi's telephone answering machine has a cute message. The first thing you hear is a sound like flames crackling. Then you hear Sandi's voice above the flames saying the usual things: I'm not home now, etc., etc. Please leave a message, etc., etc. All the while, the sounds get louder until it's unmistakable. It sounds like the house is on fire. You hear what sounds like walls and ceilings crashing down. Then Sandi, in that irrepressible voice, screams for help, and the tape goes dead.

And the things that happen to her... For some reason she gets into the craziest scrapes. Sandi is a freelance illustrator, mostly for children's books. Actually, she's not exactly an illustrator, more a collage maker. You know, putting together bits and pieces of colored paper into various shapes, mostly abstract. I'm not sure I really understand her work, but it is bright and colorful and I guess children relate to it. But for quite a while now things have been slow for Sandi, and she needed some part-time work to make ends meet, so she put an ad in the Situations Wanted section of the *Village Voice*. Sure enough, she gets a reply immediately—a filmmaker who needs an all-around assistant.

It turns out that the guy makes porn movies, eight-millimeter jobbies, the kind that you find in "adult bookstores and peep shows, really class stuff. But he assures Sandi, that it's a legitimate job as a production assistant. "It may not be M-G-M, but I pay in cash. No checks, no taxes," the director says. Sandi is very hard-up for money, so she takes the job.

She reports for work the next day to this grungy loft in Chinatown, where they're shooting an epic called *Four on the Floor*. It stars two guys, a girl, and a dog, a Great Dane. It's got everything—the guys are bisexual, so they'll do homo and hetero work, and the girl will do both the guys and the dog, and the dog will probably do the guys as well. You've got to get the most out of your cast in these low-budget flicks. Except there's one catch. The girl doesn't show up. The director is in a real jam. He's got to finish the movie in one afternoon because he promised it to the distributor, a Mafia front organization. It seems that he's in hock to them up to his ears and he's got to crank out these pictures fast or they'll break his face. He begs Sandi to substitute for the missing actress.

Of course, Sandi won't do it, but the guy breaks down and cries like a baby. No one can bear seeing a grown man cry like a baby, not even a porn-film director in hock to the Mafia. And Sandi is a pretty soft touch besides. The director says he'll give her a bonus along with whatever the actress was supposed to get—anything—as long as she does the job. As I said, Sandi really needed the money badly, and she reasoned that no one she knew would ever see the movie, so she finally agreed. The only condition she made was that she had to wear a full mask to protect her reputation. The director thought it was a good idea—real kinky. Just between you and me, it was a *great* idea. Sandi is not one of the best-looking ladies of our time. Her figure isn't bad, but that clown makeup did hell with her complexion.

No sense boring you with the plot of a movie like this. It's mainly concerned with all kinds of fucking, and it doesn't waste time getting down to business. The first scene is already very baroque. Sandi is on the bottom, one of the guys is on top of her, the second guy is doing the first guy from behind, and the dog is doing the second guy. Now Sandi is getting very nervous, and the dog, who I was told was a veteran of porn movies, is catching some of her vibes. At the moment of in-

sertion for everyone, Sandi suddenly wants to stop. This throws everybody out of whack, especially the dog, who panics and pisses all over the second fag. The second fag turns out to be a golden-shower freak, and he gets so turned on by the spray that he comes in a shot, right into the first fag, who is taken totally by surprise. The first fag jumps back and knocks the second fag and the dog into the cameraman, who goes sprawling with them, banging into a marble coffee table on which is lying a vacuum cleaner that was going to be used in another scene. Somehow the vacuum cleaner gets turned on and the first fag's erect penis, which is all wet, gets sucked into the nozzle.

Don't ask me how the next thing happened, but Sandi swears that the poor guy got his penis electrocuted. There must have been a short somewhere in the vacuum cleaner, which made contact with the guy's grounded wee-wee. The other fag, meanwhile, smashes his head against the marble coffee table and fractures his skull. The cameraman's equipment gets broken, and the director's film is over in one shot, as they say; and as far as he is concerned, his life is pretty near over too. Loan sharks have no sense of humor about money. Sandi does the only smart thing: she scoops up her clothes and runs the hell out of the loft before anyone can say boo.

And that's a typical Sandi Sprinkler story. Except this one has a postscript. It seems that the two fags, the director, and the owner of the dog are suing poor Sandi for all sorts of damages, making up some kind of legitimate story about their film and how she caused them severe bodily harm, loss of income, and, in the case of the two fags, the termination of their acting careers. The dog's owner claims that the dog is now so nervous he can't perform in front of the camera (the dog is supposed to be a highly paid TV model), which will curtail the owner's income. The suit is for ten million dollars. Somehow the director convinced the Mafia bosses to hire one of those high-powered lawyers to sue poor Sandi, and he concocted this airtight story. It's the three guys' story against hers, and it doesn't look good for her (the dog owner has a separate suit for three million). The great thing about Sandi is that she isn't worried a bit. If the lawyers come after her, she'll just take off for Paris or Rome or Timbuktu. She's unpredictable and a total nutbar. "You know what kook spelled backward is, don't you? That's me." □

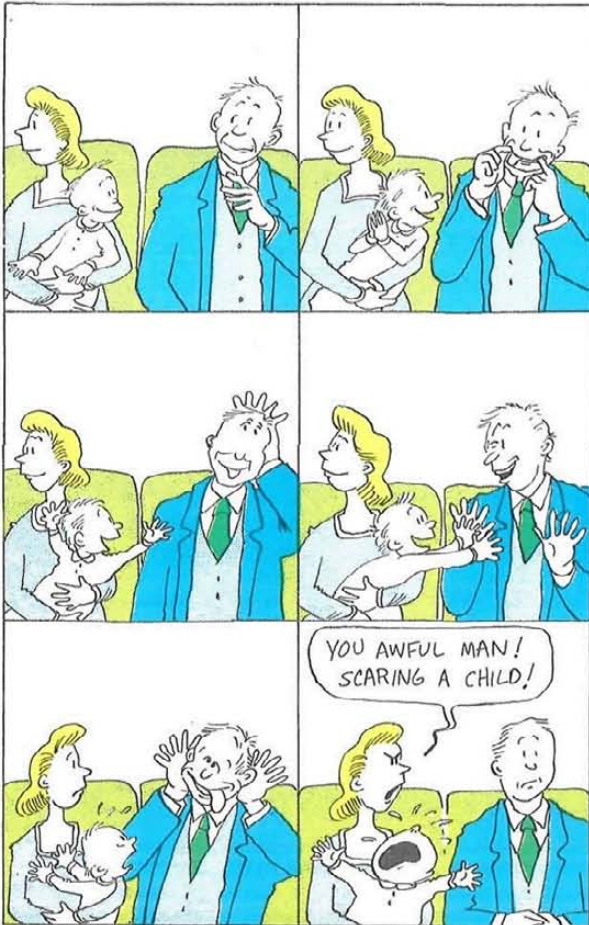
# EIGHT AGES

## OF

# HUMOR

BY SHARY FLENNIKEN AND P. J. O'ROURKE

### INFANCY



**INFANCY: YEARS 0-2.** Practically anything will make them laugh. However, practically anything will also make them cry or shit. The idea of "objective correlative" is not well developed in babies. It's hard to discover what will make them laugh to the exclusion of other baby reactions (crying and shitting): Mom's smile works, and so do some, but not most, of the funny noises Dad makes, also the first one minute of the new birdie mobile over the crib. Babies can make *themselves* laugh by spitting out strained peas and whacking one thing repeatedly with another. Unfortunately, the other thing is frequently their head, so this is to be discouraged until the soft spot glazes over. Baths,

### EARLY CHILDHOOD



car rides, and relatives cause parenthetical bursts of laughter bracketed by howls of terror and disgust—a reaction similar to the one adults have to sex.

**EARLY CHILDHOOD: YEARS 2-6.** The sense of humor becomes more fully developed, though whacking one thing (e.g., furniture) repeatedly with another (e.g., hammer) still figures large, as does spitting out whole peas and, in fact, whole lamb chops and plates of spaghetti. "Pee-pee," "ca-ca," "doo-doo" become hilarious. So does saying "No!" and taking pants off in front of aunts. Children of this age start to respond to adult verbal humor

## LATE CHILDHOOD



stimuli, and they can be temporarily amused by the spectacle of a portly, distinguished grandfather who sits on the boards of five major corporations saying, "Somebody's been sleeping in my bed and they're stiiiiiilll there!" in a teeny-tiny, squeaky-weaky, little-bitty bird voice. But, then, who can't?

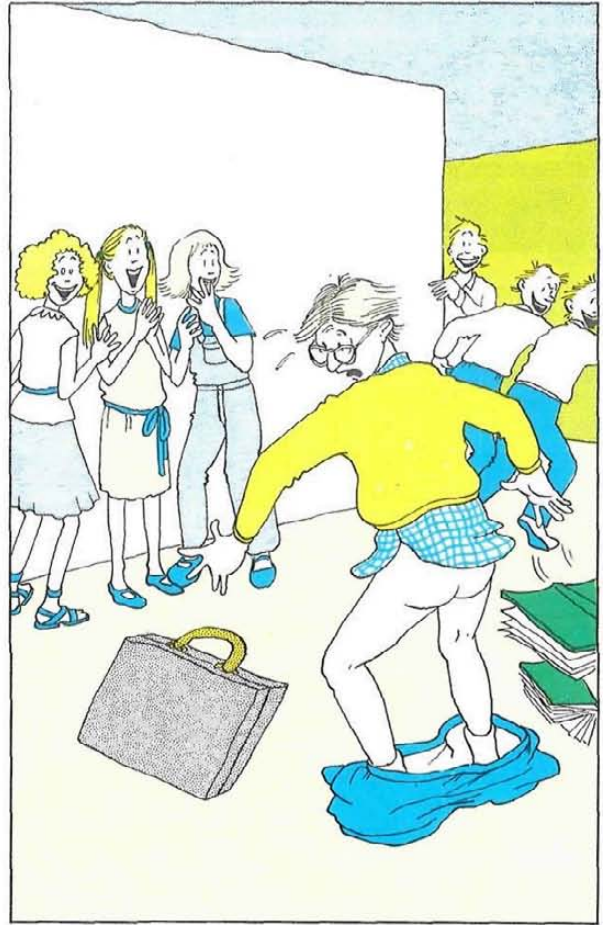
**L**ATE CHILDHOOD: YEARS 6–12. Humor becomes largely outer-directed. Peak appreciation of the silly commences—six to twelve year olds are the only people who fully appreciate puns, farts, or Dad with a couple of drinks in him. On the other hand, things that are supposed to be "funny"—comic books, cartoons, Dr. Seuss—are viewed with solemnity and intense absorption.

A fascination with cute behavior in animals also emerges, although such behavior is regarded, in turns, as either fantastically humorous or unbearably adorable. When the marmoset pups in a Disney movie begin to romp in a disconcertingly anthropomorphic manner, children either giggle like loons or voice an "auuuuuuuuu..." of heart-rending affection for the world's young and fluffy in general. No adult can tell what the reaction will be.

During these years, the male and female senses of humor begin to differentiate. Girls start a period of highly private, slightly hysterical giggling that will last into their twenties and that even they cannot explain.

Boys begin to laugh at the aberrant appearance and man-

## ADOLESCENCE



ner of others, especially fat women teachers. They also begin a lifelong love of smut. At this age, though, smut is enjoyed for its essential smuttiness only. A nine-year-old boy may laugh loud and long at a filthy jest without any notion of the various shades of meaning among "fuck," "hand-job," "douche bag," "syph," and "cunt fart"

Coincidental with their affection for animal cuteness, boys begin to find great fun in torturing any living creature they can gain control over. Exploding robins with M-80s, grilling mice with Zippos, strapping dogs to skateboards, and cornholing cats with tomato stakes dipped in paint thinner all bring peals of mirth to young boys. Perhaps it is their callow way of expressing a love too deeply felt. Such behavior will reemerge fifty years later when, half impotent, they'll be caught tying whores to hotel beds and lashing them with belt leather. By then, however, only the divorce lawyers will be laughing.

**A**DOLESCENCE: YEARS 12–18. Focus of humor shifts from aberrant behavior in adults and animals to aberrant behavior in each other. Tallness, shortness, thinness, fatness, stutter, tic, limp, or even the wrong sweater can make a teen the butt of jokes for years. Ethnic groups become extremely funny, especially ethnic groups that go to another high school and large groups of whom aren't standing around within earshot. Terms such as "Shi-

## YOUTH



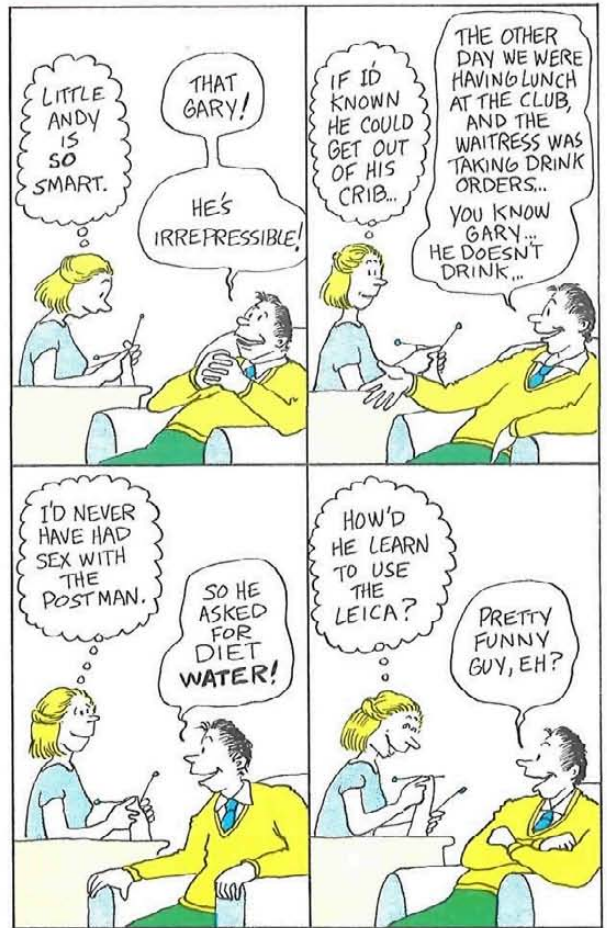
nola face," "spaghetti bender," "pope kisser," "nickel nose," and "Polish beauty queen" have their greatest currency at this age, as do "lesbo," "fag," "fruit," and "cocksucker." (This is a period of endemic homosexual crushes and horseplay.)

Among boys, cruelty to humans replaces cruelty to animals as a source of merriment, and what goes on at a high-school secret-society initiation ceremony would bring a World War II Japanese-prison-camp commandant to his knees with *mal de mer*. Smut is now appreciated for its content rather than simple taboohood, although it must be assumed that jokes about voracious female appetites and erectile incapacity are at least partly lost on this audience. A more important form of drollery than sexual smut is the "gross-out"—obtaining a lunch partner's dessert, for instance, by telling him that you ate out the neighbor's dog while it was having its period and got it so excited that it pissed up your nose.

Also, at this age, any form of antisocial behavior is seen as enormously jocose, especially if extensive destruction of property results—driving your mother's car through the middle of a miniature golf course, for example, or derailling a train.

**YOUTH: YEARS 18–25.** By this age, most of the sense of humor has been expended in trying to keep from being laughed at during the previous age. Taste

## ADULTHOOD



in humor turns "black" as youthful hope gives way to equally youthful despair. And jokes are now expected to have a point—as is everything, a reaction to increasing doubts about the purposefulness of existence. This is the only period of life during which people argue whether something is funny or not. One person will say, "A spic, a nigger, and a Jew walk into this bar..."

"That's not funny!" interrupts another. And a long discussion, which indeed is not at all funny, will ensue.

This is a serious, sensitive, and very boring time of life, and society is quite right in its attempts to keep people this age locked up in college or the army until they outgrow it.

**ADULTHOOD: YEARS 25–40.** Jokes are increasingly used to ward off very real fears—sexual, social, or economic failure; breakup of marriage; and future prospects of a tedious, enervating life led under the twin shadows of inescapable debt and inevitable physical decay. Thus, people this age are a merry and hilarious bunch, especially the men, always laughing and kidding and telling stories about the boss. They also drink too much.

Women find great amusement in what their children do (spitting out strained peas, whacking on one thing repeatedly with another, and giggling at the birdie mobile over the crib). They also derive lesser but still considerable amusement from what other people's children do (spitting out

## MIDDLE AGE



whole peas, beating the furniture with hammers, and pulling their pants down in front of their aunts) and from the neighbors, who are usually experiencing sexual, social, and economic failure and are about to get a divorce.

Both men and women temporarily find magazines, books, movies, and "Saturday Night Live" humorous as their carnal interest in each other flags and their old circle of friends dissolves in a fog of marriage and remarriage, leaving them with nothing much to do in the evening.

**M**IDDLE AGE: YEARS 40-65. You often hear people this age say they laughed. "I laughed so hard I thought I was going to burst," they say. But you never see them do it. This is humor's mystery period. No one knows what makes people really laugh during this time of life. Women over forty chuckle at malicious gossip exclusively. And the men crack up only at inappropriate moments, such as right after a funeral when they're very drunk. Finding out what truly amuses these people is very important because this is the peak TV-watching audience and if the networks could discover how to make their hundreds of sitcoms funny to this segment of the population, they would be even far richer than they are today, rich enough to rule the world. Of course, folks from forty to sixty-five watch some sitcoms already. The men watch "Three's Company" because of all the breasts, and the

## MATURITY



women watch "Different Strokes" because of the cute colored kid. But they never laugh. They just sit there.

Zen master humor probably has its roots in middle age, since this is the time of life when smacking a college student over the head with a sandal probably seems the funniest. Probably, but no one knows for sure. One thing is certain, however: after forty-five, women have no sense of humor at all.

**M**ATURITY: YEARS 65 AND OVER. Spitting out strained peas and whacking the tabletop over and over again during dinner provokes an occasional guffaw. Although it's hard, at this age, to tell a guffaw from a vital life sign gone haywire. Anyway, nothing much else makes old men laugh except maybe Roosevelt jokes. They'll say, "All my friends are having trouble using that Roosevelt six-cent stamp."

"Why's that, Gramps?"

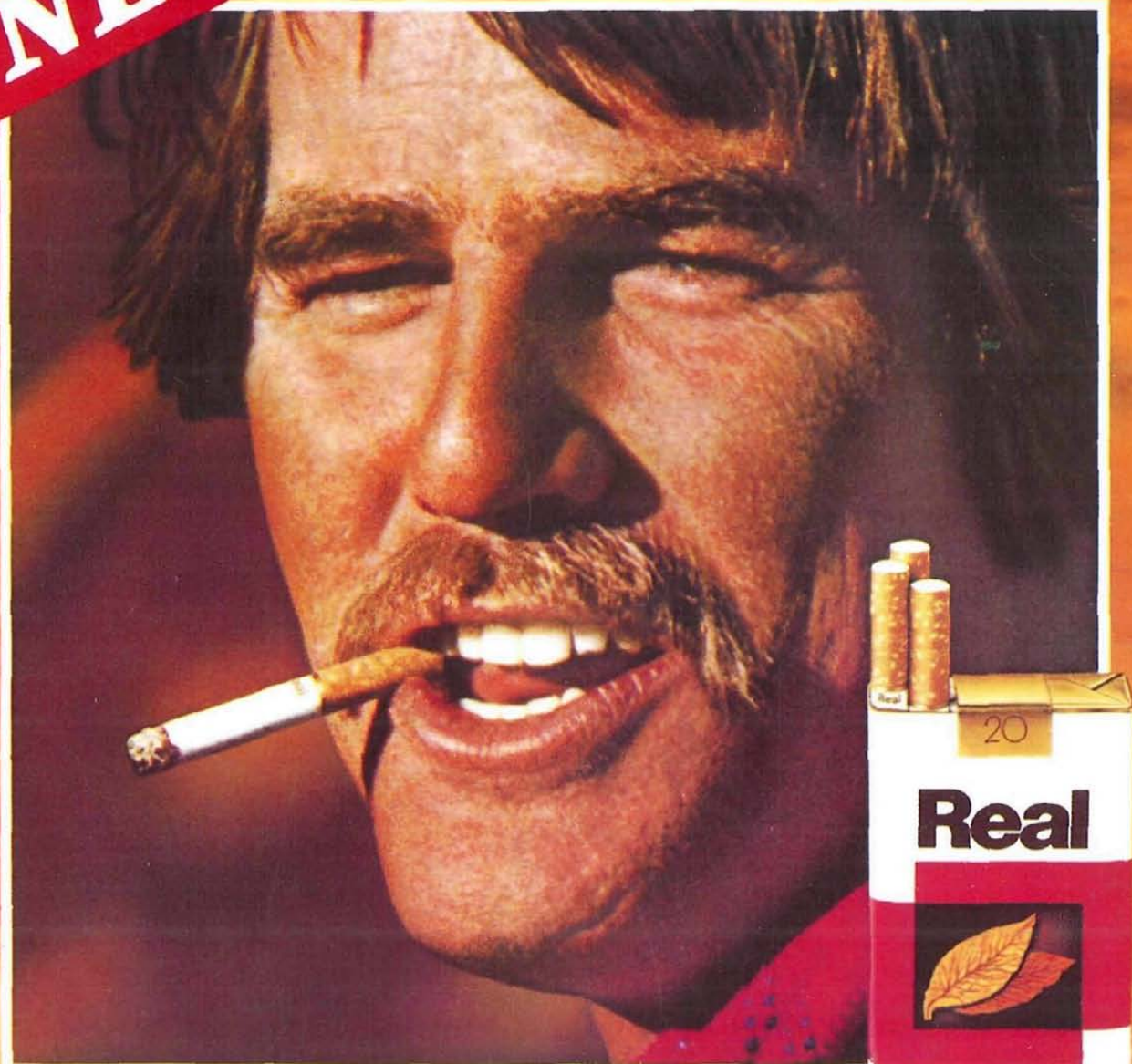
"They keep spitting on the wrong side!"

But an excellent sense of humor sometimes returns to aged women. This is usually exhibited by telling stories to a large dinner party about how their youngest son (now president of a bank and seated to their right) got his "man part" caught in his first pair of zipper-fly pants when he was nineteen and how they had to effect his release with cooking oil and a pair of pinkish shears. □

**NEW!**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



© 1979 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

***"Taste Real's new golden taste!  
Richer...mellower than before"***

Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.  
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.  
A taste that's pure gold.

***The smoking man's low tar***

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Inside, most speakers look pretty much the same. Drivers, baffle board and enclosure. Which is why some manufacturers make so much noise when they come up with anything new.

But in the midst of all the uproar, Kenwood's engineers have quietly developed five important design improvements you won't find anywhere else.

**1. Separate front baffles.** We mounted the mid and high frequency drivers on a separate baffle board. That keeps the woofer's vibrations from interfering with the mid and high frequencies. So you can get solid bass without losing any of the vocals.

**2. Cross-over coil positioning.** We found that two coils next to each other on a crossover network can cause signal leakage from the midrange to the woofer. By isolating

the coils away from each other, we eliminated cross-talk and muddy midrange.

**3. Thermal/shock cone construction.** We manufacture our own wood-pulp cones by applying our exclusive heat/shock treatment. This creates a cone that is more rigid than the usual pressed type for low distortion, yet light enough to deliver much better efficiency.

**4. Midrange stabilizer.** To get the nasal sound out of the midrange frequencies, where most of the music is, we introduced a center support system and a 3-point cone suspension. To you that means clear sound imaging and better transient response.

**5. Power linearity.** The frequency response of most speakers deteriorates at high power levels. By using a computer, we designed the LS-1200 to deliver the same linear

frequency response throughout its power handling range. From solo flute to full orchestra.

Listen to the LS-1200 at your Kenwood dealer and discover that, even at low listening levels, you get exceptional depth, clarity and fidelity. At high volume, it delivers the kind of tonal quality you normally expect from a live performance with a clean, punchy bass and clear, open highs.

That's one more reason the LS-1200 is simply too good to keep quiet.

Your speaker's reputation should be as good as your receiver's.

 **KENWOOD**

For the Kenwood dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, P.O. Box 6213, Carson, CA 90749. In Canada: Magnasonic Canada, Ltd.

## Speaker design takes five steps forward. Quietly.







Roller Skating  
They're All the rage

Sex on wheels in bed

Ceiling Skating

Roller Polo

Roller-Skating Skate board cycling  
holmo discodance



If you'd like to know more about our charcoal mellowing process, drop us a line.

WE BURN quite a few ricks at Jack Daniel's. That's because it takes a lot of charcoal the way we smooth out our whiskey.

The oldtime way we mellow our whiskey calls for seeping every drop through charcoal vats that stand as tall as a good-sized room. Just to fill one vat takes the charcoal from three ricks of hard maple burned in the open air. That's why our rickyard gets pretty full. And why it'll never get empty. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad of that.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,  
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

## PRACTICAL JOKING

*continued from page 52*

ger appeared at her door with an unsigned telegram from me reading: "I told you to kill the duck. Your impudence will cost your husband his life." Jane snapped. Shouting and crying, she repeatedly lunged at the squalling bird with a lamp, breaking up the room and terrifying the messenger. Hotel management called the police, who requested that she leave the colony. After spending a year or two under psychiatric care, Jane had Thad declared legally dead, surrendered her children to an aunt, and took a meager night job casting plaster teeth molds for a group of dentists. I wrote Hong Kong authorities and asked them to forward news to Thad that his wife had abandoned him and remarried.

Thad suffered unspeakable terrors for six or seven years, then returned to the United States. He was ravaged and despondent when my friends and I spotted him trying to make conversation with a girl in a singles bar, so I asked him real loud where he got the peculiar, disfiguring scars on his face. After he recounted every moment of his ordeal, I called Jane and told her to meet me at the bar, then left for a few minutes to buy a duck. I brought it back to the bar and asked Thad to hold it with his back to the crowd until I said, "Here's someone you'll enjoy seeing," at which time he was to turn around, lift up the duck like a puppet, and say, "Quack, quack, you bungling shithook, thanks for nothing."

Jane arrived at the bar. On cue, Thad turned around and said, "Quack, quack, you bungling shithook, thanks for nothing." Jane began to tremble violently, then slumped to the floor in a catatonic daze. Thad, being largely desensitized by his experience in prison, stared dumbly at the duck. By now, all of my friends were howling and snorting hysterically.

"Here, Thad, why don't you have a seat until you feel better," I said consolingly. I pulled the chair out from under him, causing him to fall backward and knock himself unconscious on the corner of a table. My friends pounded the bar and kicked their feet in roaring, honking torrents of maniacal laughter.

Having orchestrated the joke to perfection, I added a touch of frosting by carefully positioning a live tarantula in Jane's hair. It took me twenty-five years to graduate from green beans to tarantulas, and, believe me, I've had a heck of a lot of fun in between. □

yours. For instance, I had a seemingly bright young man in my office just the other day who told me a story about a nigger feminist dyke astronaut who managed at great expense to the taxpayer to land on the moon. When a rocket malfunction developed and this person learned the possibility of return was out of the question, she "barked" into the microphone, "At least we got what we wanted!" Meaning the moon.

A neoconservative joke fashionable six months ago. Being a charitable person and realizing that everyone can not be as up to the moment as an editor of this magazine, I gave this person the benefit of the doubt and told a contemporary gag about neoconservatives.

"The liberals wished to seat blacks in the front of the bus. It took the genius of the neoconservatives to realize blacks were at a disadvantage in a head-on collision, so they demanded blacks sit in the middle. Well, now, of course, we hold blacks may own cars, making liberals, buses, and neo-conservatives moot."

The point escaped the person, and so did the job.

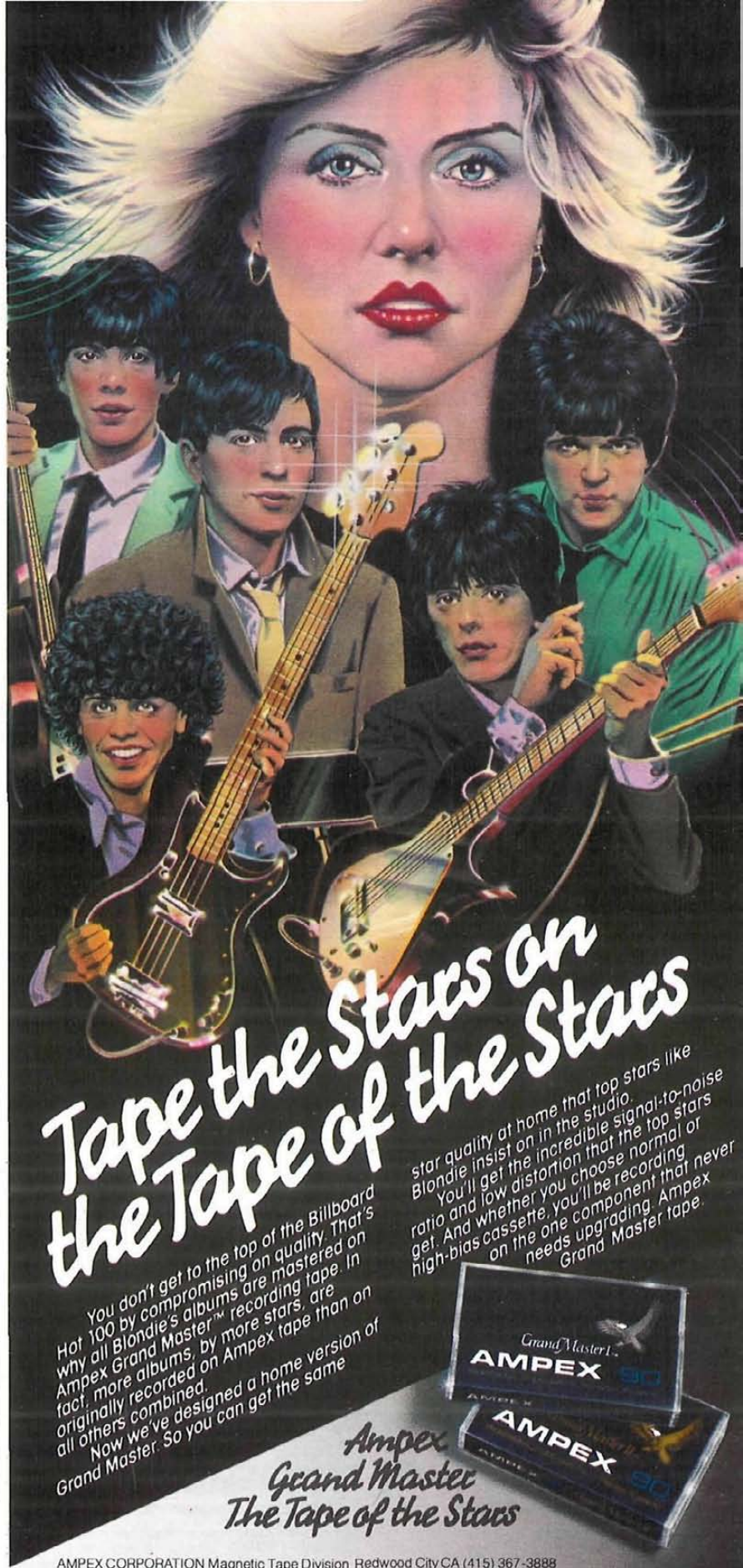
"Stay with it" is the only advice you can offer these people, even ironically.

### **DIRTY JOKES VS. CLEAN ONES**

There is a certain type of person who will at every opportunity assert that it is "easy to tell a dirty joke, but the trick is making a clean one funny." These folk most enjoy Bennett Cerf's collections of innocent merriment cataloging the childlike remarks of dim-witted colored maids confronted with unfamiliar silverware, the querulous comments of some of our best friends, the Jews, as they stand in line at airports holding their life savings in their hands, or the inappropriate conjectures of people of working-class origins as to the meanings of the symbols on Ivy League club ties.

If of the middle class, these anvils prefer *Reader's Digest's* often insightful, always humorous look at life. Soldiers coming home to meet the family for the first time and replying to mothers' questions about how a radar set works with a bashful "It works good, ma'am." Who could forget the heartwarming tale of the poor couple who told the welcome-wagon ladies with touching sincerity, "We won't need the food, thank you, as we're both working now."

continued on page 103

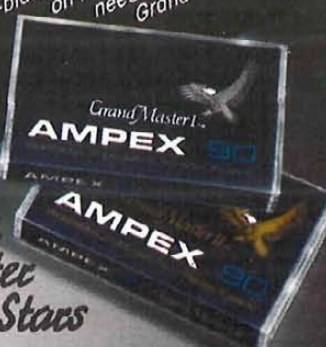


# Tape the Stars on the Tape of the Stars

You don't get to the top of the Billboard Hot 100 by compromising on quality. That's why all Blondie's albums are mastered on Ampex Grand Master™ recording tape. In fact, more albums, by more stars, are originally recorded on Ampex tape than on all others combined.

Now we've designed a home version of Grand Master. So you can get the same star quality at home that top stars like Blondie insist on in the studio. You'll get the incredible signal-to-noise ratio and low distortion that the top stars get. And whether you choose normal or high-bias cassette, you'll be recording on the one component that never needs upgrading. Ampex Grand Master tape.

**Ampex Grand Master The Tape of the Stars**

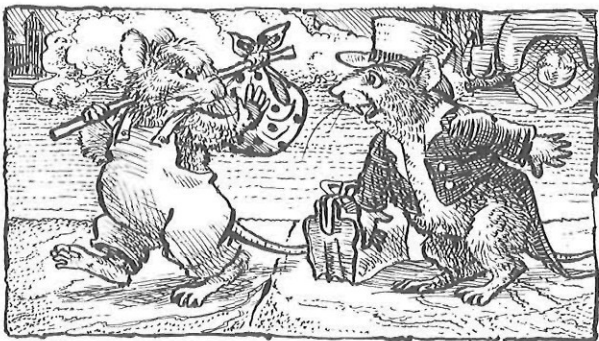


AMPEX CORPORATION Magnetic Tape Division Redwood City CA (415) 367-3888

# Humor for Your Cat

by P. J. O'Rourke

**M**an provides the house cat with everything—meat, drink, a warm face to sleep on, curtains and stereo speakers to claw up—everything, that is, except a good laugh. Hardly anyone thinks to provide his cat with comedic amusement. Therefore, the *National Lampoon* has provided this page for you to tear from the magazine and place beside your cat's water bowl to give it a good chuckle. You may not find the following funny, but then you're not a cat and you probably don't laugh when it shits in your slippers either.



# The Supernaturals.



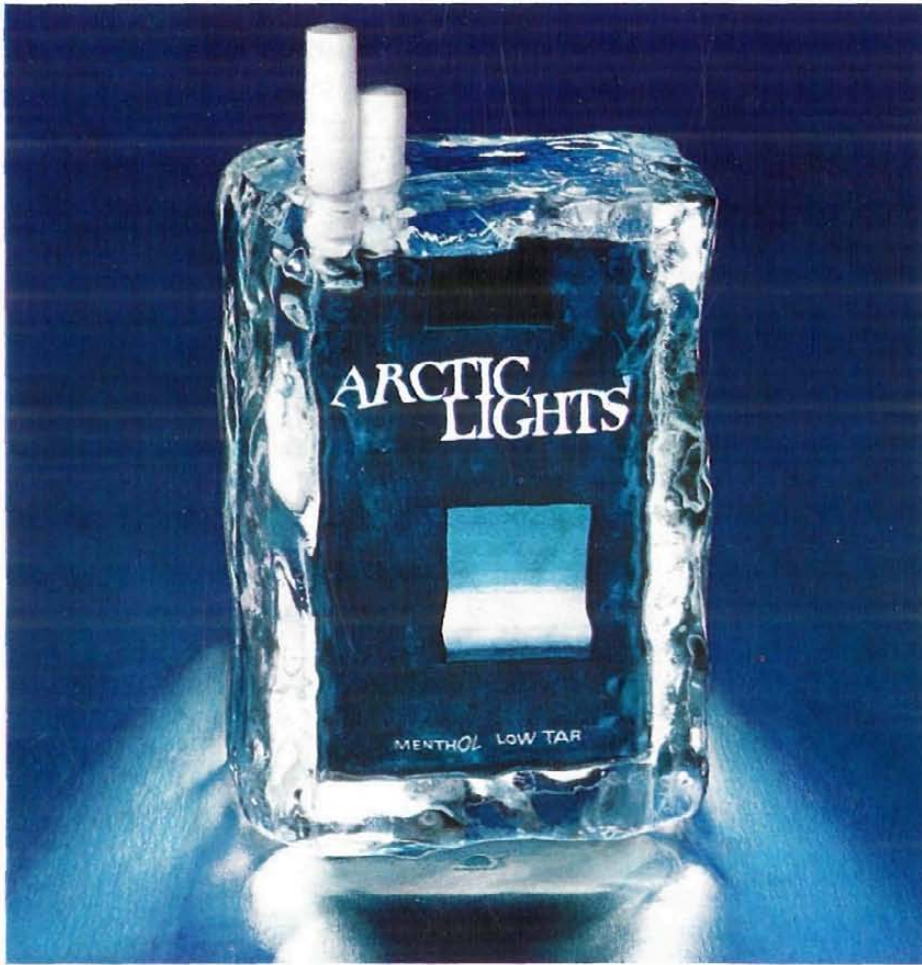
By Angels Flight™.  
Super fitting.  
Naturally good  
looking. And  
surprisingly  
priced. Sensual  
separates, perfect  
for those close  
encounters. At  
fine stores  
everywhere.

Suggested retail prices:  
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Jacket \$57.50.



STYLED BY TOBIAS

Leading the way in fashion.



Discover  
**Arctic Lights**  
—more menthol refreshment than  
any other low 'tar' cigarette.

Full menthol refreshment. That's what ARCTIC LIGHTS delivers.

A very special kind of menthol refreshment you just won't find in any other low 'tar' menthol cigarette.

You see, while the filter holds back 'tar,'

the unique new ARCTIC LIGHTS menthol blend comes right through. Result? You get the iciest, brightest taste in menthol smoking—puff after puff. Light up your first ARCTIC LIGHTS. **You just won't believe it's a low 'tar' menthol.**

**Arctic Lights: Kings & 100's**

© 1978 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



# FUNNY PAGES

**W**HY DO LEAVES DRY UP?  
**OH.**  
 BECAUSE THEY FELL OFF THE TREES.

REMEMBER HOW, NOW AND THEN, YOU WONDERED IF THERE WAS A POSSIBILITY THAT NONE OF THE GROWN-UPS ACTUALLY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING AND THAT YOU MIGHT GET LOST, FOLLOWING THEIR LEAD?

WHY DID THEY FALL?  
**OH.**  
 BECAUSE THEY DIED.

WHY DID THEY DIE?  
**OH.**  
 BECAUSE THE SUN GOES AWAY IN AUTUMN. I LEARNED THAT IN SCHOOL.

DOES SCHOOL SAY IF IT'S GOOD THAT LEAVES DIE?  
**OH.**  
 THEY DON'T GO IN TO THAT SORT OF THING.

IS SCHOOL SAD ABOUT THE LEAVES?  
**OH.**  
 THEY DON'T GO INTO THAT, EITHER.

Gahan Wilson

**OH.**

# THE COPY RIGHTED SIAMESE PRIVATE ©1979 **AESOP BROTHERS TWINS! DETECTIVES**

I THINK IT'S DARK ENOUGH.  
LET'S GET RID OF THIS GUY.

WHAT'LL WE  
DO WITH HIM?

HEY-WHY DON'T WE MAKE A FEW  
EXTRA BUCKS? WE'LL SELL HIM  
TO THE MEDICAL SCHOOL!

WON'T  
THEY ASK  
QUESTIONS,  
ALEX?

THE AESOP BROTHERS  
HAVE BEEN HIRED TO  
GET RID OF FRANK  
O'CONNELL, DECEASED.

NANH- THEY  
NEED BODIES TO  
EXPERIMENT ON.

CHEAP BASTARDS!  
THAT'LL BE THE DAY  
I SELL MY BROTHER  
FOR FIVE BUCKS! I'LL  
SEE HIM ROT FIRST!

YOU HEAR THAT, ALEX?  
THEY ONLY PAY \$5.00!

WHAT THE HELL!  
AT LEAST WE  
GET RID OF HIM.

CADAVER  
PURCHASING  
→

HERE'S YOUR  
TWO BUCKS...

TWO BUCKS?  
YOU OFFERED  
THAT OTHER GUY  
FIVE FOR HIS  
BROTHER!

THAT GUY'S BROTHER  
WAS A HIGH SCHOOL  
GRADUATE. THIS GUY  
AIN'T NO HIGH SCHOOL  
GRADUATE!

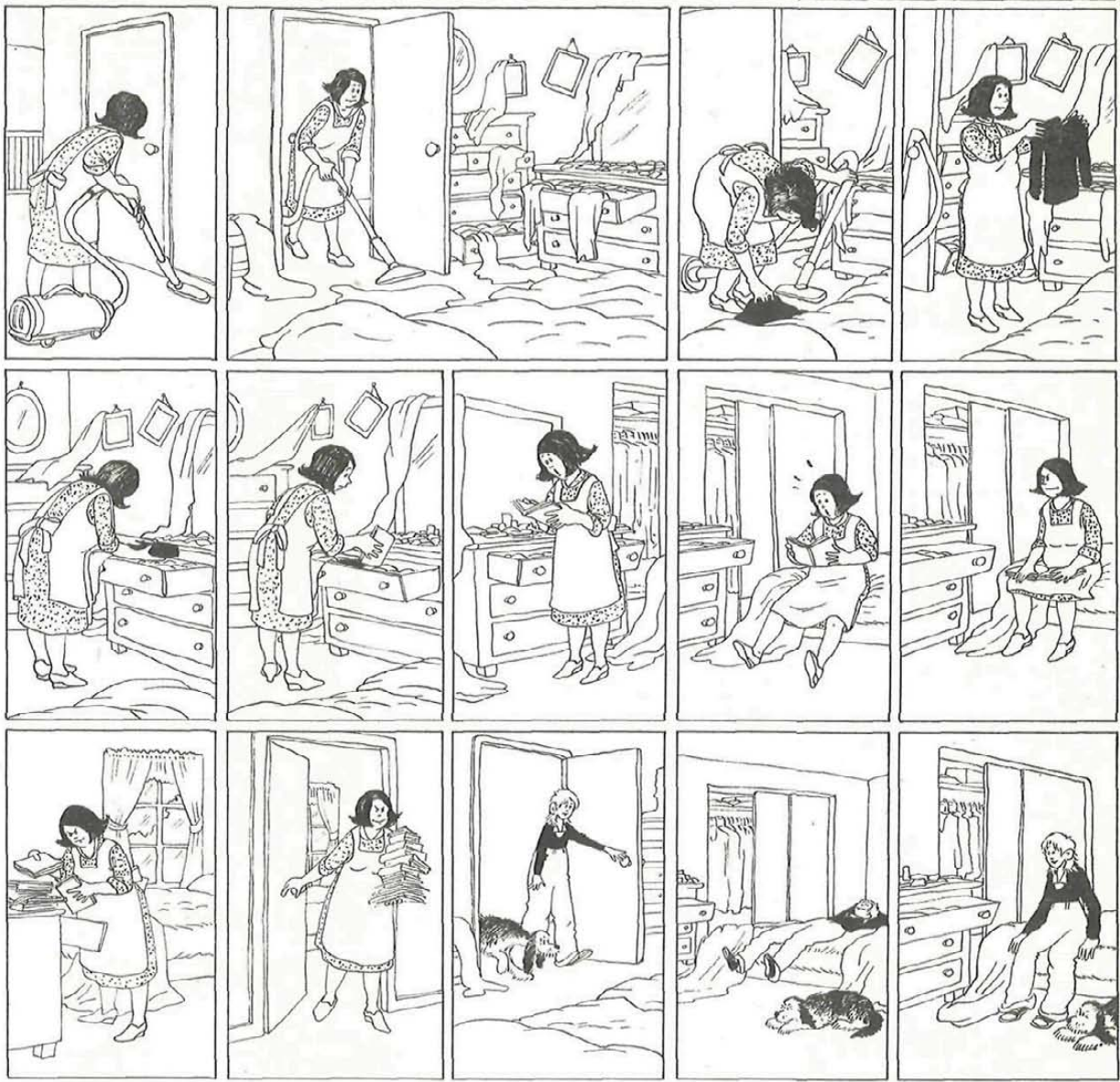
OH...

NO  
HAITIANS!

**MORAL:**  
STAY IN SCHOOL!  
SOMEDAY YOU COULD  
BE WORTH AN EXTRA  
THREE DOLLARS.



# Trot and Bonnie



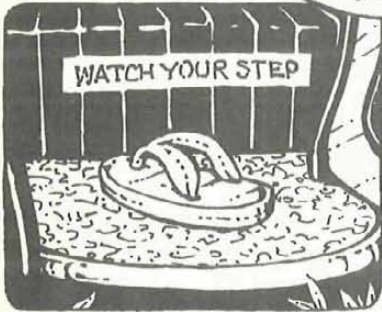
# SAN DIEGO TRANSIT

Rick Geary

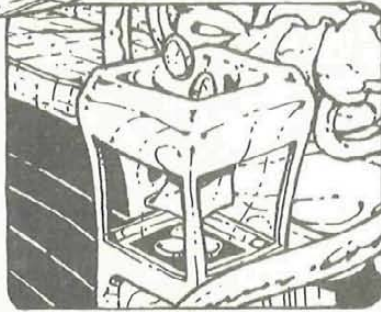
© 1978



Here Comes the 37



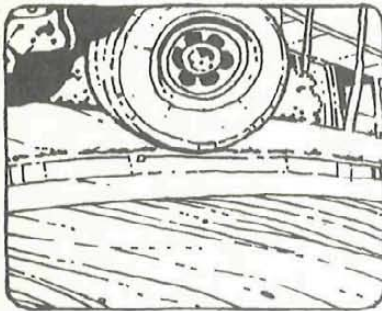
Welcome Aboard



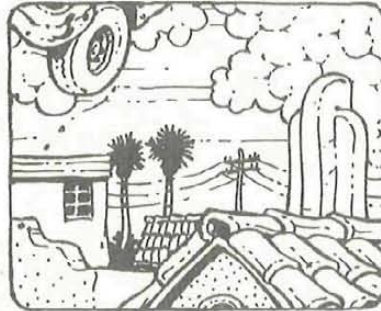
Ding Ding Ding



Here We Go



Lift-off



Roofs of San Diego



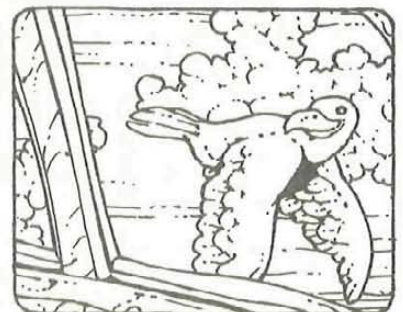
What a View!



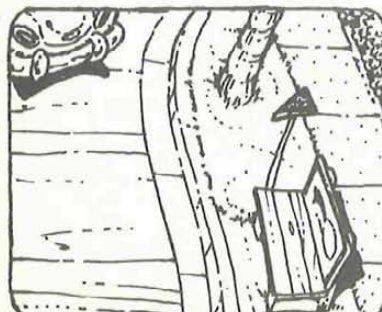
"Have you the time?"



Unexpected Turbulence



A Visitor



"There's my corner!"



A Perfect Landing



Good-bye and Thanks

# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor © 1979

IT'S HALLOWEEN NIGHT, AS MRS. APPLETON PREPARES TO LEAVE WITH THE CHILDREN.



I'M AS EXCITED AS THE KIDS! WE WON'T BE LONG, DEAR

OK, BE CAREFUL, YOU LITTLE GOBLINS.

MR. APPLETON SETS ABOUT FIXING TREATS FOR THE EXPECTED VISITORS.



WHEN SUDDENLY -  
TRICK OR TREAT



TRICK OR TREAT, MISTER!

WELL... YOU GAVE ME A START! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME IN AND BOB FOR APPLES FIRST?



ME! ME FIRST!

ME NEXT!



MOMENTS PASS...



PULL HIS HEAD UP! HEY! THE TUB IS FILLED WITH TAR!

IT'S MORE OF A CHALLENGE THAT WAY!



WE DON'T WANT TO BOB FOR APPLES ANYMORE, SO WHERE ARE OUR TREATS?

FINE! BUT, HOW ABOUT A CHANCE TO DIG FOR BURIED TREASURE?



HEY, LOOK, GUYS!

OH BOY, TREASURE!

TREASURE ISLAND



ARRRGH! OH, ECCH! THIS IS A KITTY LITTER BOX!

MY ♀ MISTAKE



HEY, MISTER, GIVE US OUR TREATS! WE'RE GOING....

SURELY

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ICE CREAM?



ICE CREAM! YEAH!!

OK, OPEN YOUR BAG! ... HERE'S A SCOOP FOR YOU... AND ONE...

MR. APPLETON PASSES OUT THE TREATS.



... AS THE CHILDREN LEAVE, WE HEAR...

YOW! MY BAG JUST BROKE!

MINE TOO!

IT'S THAT ICE... OHHH... THERE GOES MY BAG!

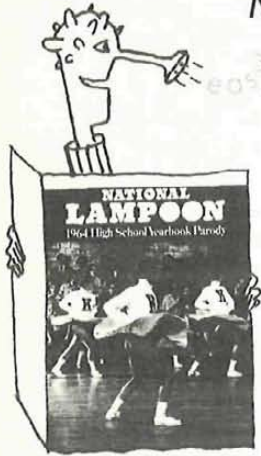
AND SO IT GOES THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.



THE NEXT MORNING WE FIND MR. APPLETON OUT IN THE FALL AIR, RAKING UP NATURE'S BOUNTY.

The End

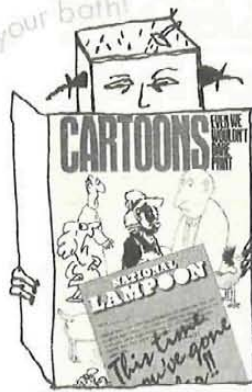
# MAIL ORDER



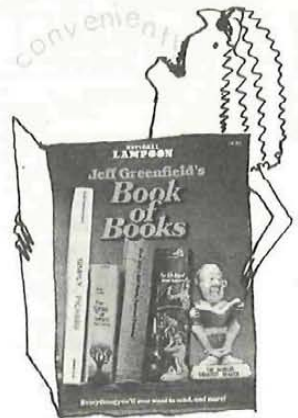
**National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody.** From C. Estes Kefauver High in Dacron, Ohio  
Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95



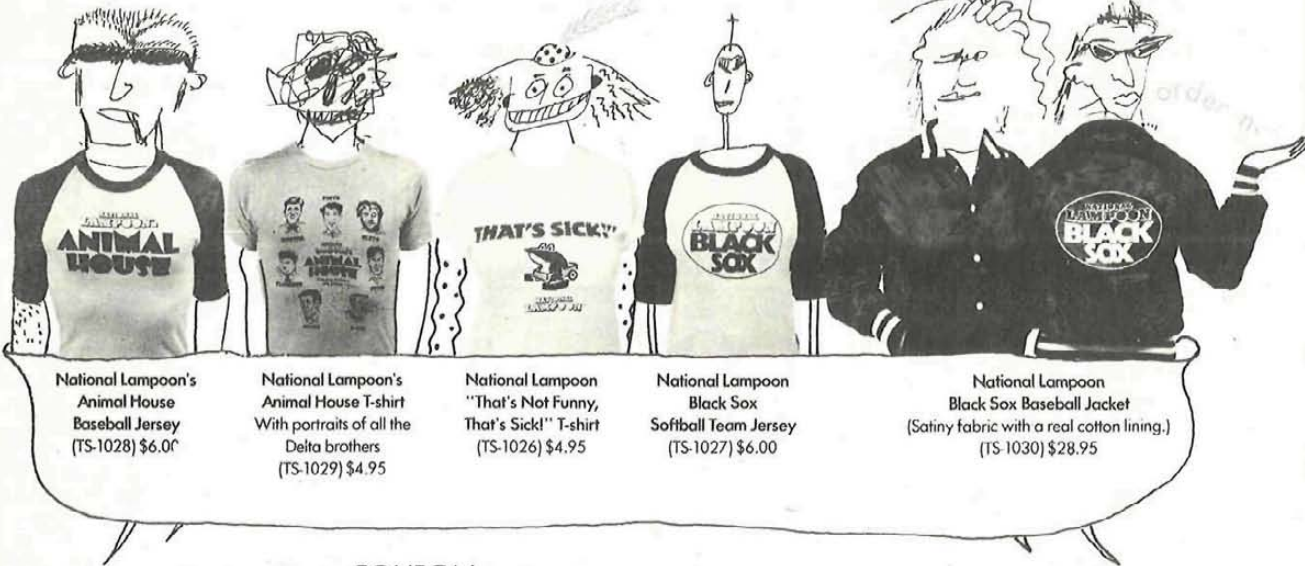
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Indicate the products that you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

**National Lampoon, Dept. NL-1079**  
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please enclose 75¢ per order for postage and handling (Canadian and foreign residents please enclose \$1.00 per order).  
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I have enclosed a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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| <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1007A | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1003 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1018 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1019 | small                                    | medium | large  |       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$16.00 BN-1003 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1005 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1020 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 TS-1027 | small                                    | medium | large  |       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$16.00 BN-1004 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1006 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 BO-1025 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 TS-1026 | small                                    | medium | large  |       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$16.00 BN-1005 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1008 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.50 BN-1001 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 TS-1028 | small                                    | medium | large  |       |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1030  | <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 A-1001  | 3 for \$10.50)                          | <input type="checkbox"/> \$8.95 BO-1031 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$28.95 TS-1030 | small  | medium | large |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1021  |   |   |   |  |        |        |       |

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**A GOOD QUESTION**

*r. coast*



**THE MASKED DOCTOR AND THE SECRET NURSE**  
 FIGHTERS FOR HUMANISM THROUGH MINOR SURGERY



**"HORROR HONEY-MOON"**

OUR STORY OPENS AS JOHN AND LINDA TOISE, NEWLYWEDS, ARRIVE AT A DESERTED CABIN ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT...  
HERE, HON! I'LL GET THE VALISES!

IT SURE WAS NICE OF YOUR OLD ARMY BUDDY TO LET US USE HIS CABIN NEAR ROUTE 62!

I LOVE YOU TOO, DEAR! BUT EXCUSE ME! I SEE A SICK BIRD OUTSIDE AND I MUST HELP IT!

WE SWITCH OUR SCENE NOW TO THE LOCAL BRANCH OF THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE!

DR. ELLIOT! ONE OF OUR INMATES JUST ESCAPED!

IT WAS BRONSON, TOO! OUR WORST WRETE! HE LIKES TO FIND PRETTY GIRLS AND TIE THEM UP AND MUTILATE THEM SEXUALLY AND THEN SLOTTY DISMEMBER THEIR BODIES WHILE HE DOURS HOT BUTTER ALL OVER THEM!

I'LL CALL SHERIFF WATSON! WHERE WAS HE HEADING?

TOWARD ROUTE 62!

THINK: WOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD ONE!

THINK: WHAT A NICE YOUNG COUPLE! I KIND OF LIKE THEM!

THINK: YES, YOUNG LOVE IS TRULY A GLORIOUS THING!

THINK: WHAT A KIND YOUNG GIRL! I SURE HOPE NOTHING BAD EVER HAPPENS TO HER!

THINK: UH-OH! I SURE DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE!

THINK: THOSE STUPID BUREAUCRATS! THIS IS REALLY A STORY ON SEVERAL LEVELS!

THINK: WHAT A MONSTER! I SURE HOPE THEY CATCH HIM BEFORE HE DOES ANY HARM!

THINK: OH NO! WASN'T THAT THE SAME ROUTE WHERE THE NICE HONEYMOON COUPLE WAS STRAYING ALONE?

WE NOW RETURN TO THE TWO HAPPY NEWLYWEDS!

DARLING, I MUST GO NOW! THERE MAY BE MORE SICK BIRDS IN THE WOODS NEEDING HELP!

I'LL GO WITH YOU, DARLING!

NO, SWEET-HEART! YOU'RE SO TIRED! STAY HERE! I'LL BE BACK IN HALF AN HOUR!

OKAY, DEAR! BUT HURRY BACK! I'LL WORRY!

DEEP IN THE WOODS, AS LINDA ATTEMPTS TO A BARY BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING, SHE DOESN'T SEE A SHADOW LENGTHENING OVER HER...

WHAT... WHO... NOOOO!

A LITTLE LATER... YES, SHERIFF WATSON! SHE WAS DUE BACK IN HALF AN HOUR, BUT SHE NEVER RETURNED!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! SOB! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HER GO OUT ALONE!

DEAR, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH! IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO YOU, I'D DIE!

THINK: HAMM... WHY IS HE TALKING THAT WAY? COULD HE BE HAVING A PREMONITION?

THINK: NO! STAY INSIDE! DON'T GO OUT! THE MADMAN IS LOOSE!

THINK: THANK GOODNESS!

THINK: NO! NO! NO!

THINK: NO! DON'T LET HER GO! OH, PLEASE DON'T LET HER!

THINK: TURN AROUND, LINDA! OH, GOD, PLEASE TURN AROUND IN TIME!

THINK: IT'S HOPELESS! HE'S GOT HER NOW!

THINK: SMART MOVE, CALLING THE SHERIFF! BUT IT STILL MAY BE TOO LATE!

THINK: THE DOOR MAN! WHAT HELL HE'S GOING THROUGH! I CAN SYMPATHIZE!

LATER

TRAIL'S TOUGH TO FOLLOW IN THESE WOODS!

LOOK, SHERIFF! ANOTHER BROKEN BIRD!

MEANWHILE, IN A DESERTED CAVE...

WHY... WHY HAVE YOU LET ME UP? (SOB!) AND WHY HAVE YOU BOILED THAT BIG POT OF BUTTER?

AND WHY ARE YOU COMING TOWARD ME WITH THAT KNIFE?

THE SHARP STEEL BLADE IS JUST ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO LINDA'S SOFT SMOOTH SKIN...

OKAY, GAIL! MY OWN SAYS YOU PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!

KEEP 'EM UP HIGH! REAL HIGH!

YOU'RE GOIN' RIGHT BACK TO THE FOKKY, CREEP AND THIS TIME YOU AIN'T NEVER GETTIN' OUT!

IT'S OVER, DARLING! CRY NOW!

THE NEXT DAY...

AND LOOK, DARLING! THE STATE HAS VOTED MONEY FOR THICKER BARS!

IN THAT CASE, ALL I WENT THROUGH WAS WORTH IT!

THINK: YOU MUST FIND HER IN TIME! YOU MUST!

THINK: BE BRAVE, LINDA! NEVER LOSE HOPE! THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE IN THIS WORLD!

THINK: OH MY GOD!

THINK: I CAN'T LOOK!

THINK: WAIT! CAN IT BE...

THINK: SOB! HOW WONDERFUL! THANK GOD!

THINK: BOY, THAT SHERIFF WATSON IS A REAL HARD-ROSE NO-HOSENSE GUY! WHAT A MAN!

THINK: GUY WAS THAT A CLOSE ONE!

THINK: WHAT A NICE, HAPPY STORY! LEFT ME FEELING REAL GOOD!

IT'S BEEN ROUGHLY TWO YEARS SINCE THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN BOY MET GIRL AND THE WORLD WAS ONE BIG SINGLES BAR. THIS, THEN, IS THE SUDDEN CONCLUSION OF MICHAEL AND GAIL'S ...

# Two Year Affair *by Preiss & Reese*

NO, MIKE, MY FRIEND, I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S TRUE... YOU'RE IMPOTENT!

THAT'S JUST NOT POSSIBLE! IMPOTENCE IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MENTAL THING!

THAT'S TRUE, MY FRIEND, BUT IN RARE INSTANCES, WITH HIGHLY SEXUALLY ACTIVE MEN, THERE IS SOMETHING KNOWN AS PHYSICAL IMPOTENCE.

PHYSICAL IMPOTENCE?

QUITE SIMPLY, YOU'RE ALL SCREENED OUT! YOU'VE DONE IT TOO MUCH, TOO OFTEN, WITH TOO MANY WOMEN... THERE'S NOTHING LEFT!

NOTHING LEFT? IMPOSSIBLE! DOCTOR COHEN, THERE MUST BE SOME HOPE!

NAME IT!

SIX YEARS? WOULD I BE MY OLD SELF AGAIN?

THERE IS ONE KNOWN CURE...

TOTAL ABSTINENCE, DO NOT LOOK, TOUCH, OR THINK SEXUALLY ABOUT A WOMAN FOR SIX YEARS!

NO, YOU WOULD BE INSANE, POTENT, BUT INSANE!

Magilla GATERING

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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 27

"You gotta have more than that," the cop laughed. He tipped his helmet again. "Sorry."

"Well," Dan mumbled. He reached into his shirt pocket for a smoke. The cop drew a kitchen match from behind his ear and lit Dan's Carlton. "Well, I get along with young people."

"You buy her cocaine?"

"And records and videotape movies and he writes poems that are so good they're like lyrics to songs they're so good," Shannon gushed.

"You crafty SOB!" the cop chortled. "Shit! See, I can't do that. You devil, you! You wily bugger. Say, what do you do for a living?"

Dan relaxed and smiled proudly as he leaned against the car. He nonchalantly flipped his penis back in his pants and zipped his fly.

"I'm a billing coordinator for Citizen's Gas and Power."

"No shit?" The cop tipped his helmet again. "Sorry. I thought you'd be a DJ or a tennis pro or something, but you're just a regular guy, huh?"

"Regular as they come," Dan smiled.

"Oh, hey, wow. Dan, it's getting late and I have school tomorrow. My mom'll be really pissed at me."

"Ain't that something else?" the cop

said, rubbing his cleft chin. "She's worried about her ma getting mad because she comes home late. Is this a world or is this a world? I'll give you an escort. Where you headed?"

"Ah," Dan stammered. "That's okay, we'll make it in time."

"McDonald's on Waukegan Road," Shannon said.

Dan slouched in his seat like a Hispanic pussy troller as he followed the police car. Its lights were flashing and its siren was singing. Shannon loved it.

"This is so fucking incredible!

You're my lover, huh?" she said, throwing her arms around Dan.

"You're like my what's his name in that book by the French guy, aren't you?"

Dan nodded. A bead of sweat slid down the side of his nose. He wished he'd had the sense to stay home and be thirty and normal and decent and to hold up his little corner of society.

The cop car suddenly lunged to the side of the road and stopped. Dan pulled up behind it. The cop jumped out and ran back to Dan's car.

"Holy shit!" he said, tipping his helmet again. "Sorry. Hey, I got sidetracked! I was out looking for a wife beater and I saw the action in your car and got kind of caught up in it, but anyway I gotta get back to work." He

smiled at Dan and winked. "You lucky buck!"

Dan sighed with relief as the cop pulled a U-turn and disappeared behind them. He continued toward McDonald's. He was so relieved to be rid of the police escort that he leaned over and kissed Shannon's shoulder.

"You kind of have BO, you know," Shannon said as she returned the kiss. "But it's cool BO, not like sweat but like, I don't know, pretty good smelling; anyhow it's old smelling and that's great. I love you." She took a long drag on her Marlboro. "Can you French inhale?"

"Sure," Dan said, taking her cigarette. He drew a mouthful of smoke and let it curl slowly over his lip and into his nostrils.

"Fantastic! I love that! Did you see *Manhattan*? Woody Allen, the guy from *Annie Hall*, is in it."

As difficult as it was to follow, Dan admired the odd channel-switching way in which Shannon spoke. "Yes, I saw it," Dan said.

"We're like him and that girl, huh? Except I wouldn't do anything with Woody Allen because I'm not into his movies that much, not like other movies. Did you see *Alien*? But anyway, lots of girls in my school saw that movie even though it was 'R' and

continued on page 91

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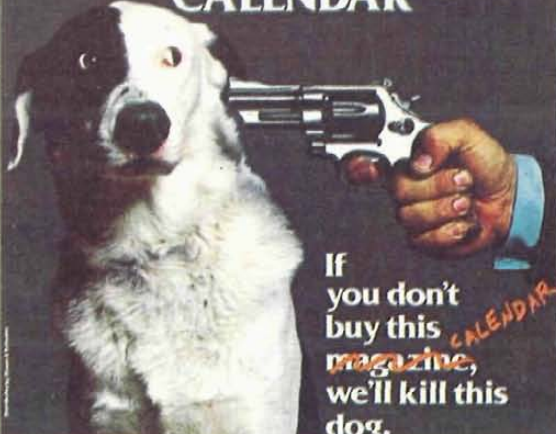
# A MILESTONE IN THE HISTORY OF CALENDAR MAKING



February

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	

1980 NATIONAL LAMPOON TENTH ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR



If you don't buy this magazine, we'll kill this dog.



June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

## 1980 NATIONAL LAMPOON TENTH ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR

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lenge you to scan the calendars of ancient cultures and of bygone eras—the Julian calendar of the Roman Empire or the pre-Columbian calendar of the mystic Mayans. No jibes, no japes, not so much as one good belly laugh. Dull stuff, indeed. Not so the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar!*

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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 86

they think you and me are doing it cool as hell!"

"You tell them about me?" Dan snapped.

"God, yes! Of course! You're a really neat guy! We're lovers, aren't we? Like the girl and guy in that book I can't remember what the name of it was?"

The Golden Arches glowed ahead.

"It's stupid to tell people about us," Dan said. He thought a moment about what he'd just said. "What am I saying? We're not an us!"

"We aren't?" Shannon said with surprise.

"No, we're not!" Dan said as he cut sharply into the McDonald's parking lot and wheeled around beside Shannon's mother's XJ-6. He turned off the radio and smiled in a way that said, "Okay, that's it, see you later!"

"When will we go out again?" Shannon asked.

"You know how I feel about ..."

"You can't even call me, either? Never ever?"

"Shannon, you know I can't."

"I wish you could go to Homecoming with me."

"Bye, Shannon," Dan said, dismissing the suggestion immediately.

"Don't you want to see me cheer-

lead? I'm real good," she said, bowing her head sadly.

"Oh, come on," Dan said, catching himself using a tone of voice he often consoled his daughter with. "Look, I'll call you."

"Promise?"

"Promise," Dan said, crossing his fingers.

"When?"

"I don't know."

"Cross your heart, hope to die?"

"Cross my heart and probably will die."

"I love you and I love to fuck with you and I will love you forever and ever and ... what's wrong?"

Dan was frozen. His mouth hung open like a dumpster filled with teeth. Over Shannon's shoulder, in the parking space next to him was a silver Buick Electra 225 containing his wife, daughter, and in-laws. He watched his father-in-law get out and walk into the restaurant. His eyes caught his wife's. She perked up when she saw him. She waved.

"Holy fuck! Holy flying fuck!" Dan whimpered. "My wife!"

"Oh, great! I want to meet her,"

Shannon said.

"Oh, God! No, no, no!"

Dan's wife walked around to his window. She leaned her head in, resting

her elbows on the door.

"Hi! Did you finish up early at the office?" She laughed and winked at Shannon.

"I'm Shannon Phelps," Shannon chirped. "Your husband's really cool."

"I know," Dan's wife said. She looked at Dan. "If you wanted to go out with Shannon, sweetheart, you just had to tell me. You don't have to make up a silly story. You'll give yourself an ulcer sneaking around."

"But, but, but," Dan drooled.

"Shh, shh, calm down, honey,"

Dan's wife said, putting her finger to his babbling lips. "I know all about Shannon and I think it's great. I'm the first to admit that I've gone to pot. I've put on a few pounds and I'm a little conservative for your tastes."

"No," Dan said. "No, honey, you're ..."

"You'd have to be crazy not to take a gorgeous sixteen year old over me."

"I'm going to be seventeen in eight months," Shannon offered.

"Whatever, Dan, you'd be nuts not to want her, and you can have her. Honestly, darling. Have a ball. The only thing I ask is that you keep the yard looking nice."

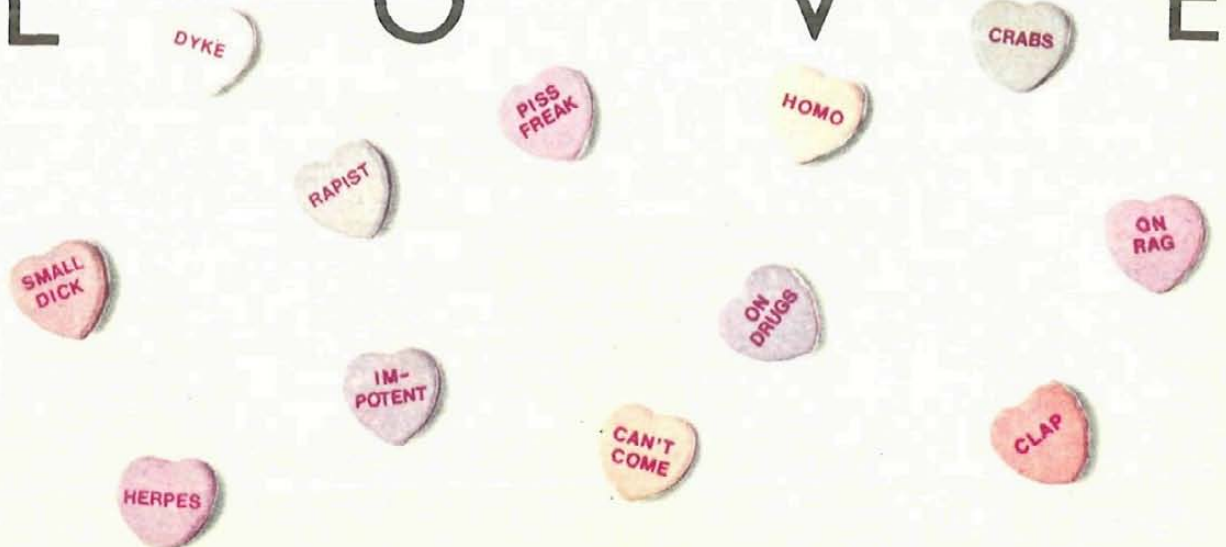
Dan shook his head in disbelief.

"One other thing, Danny. I think

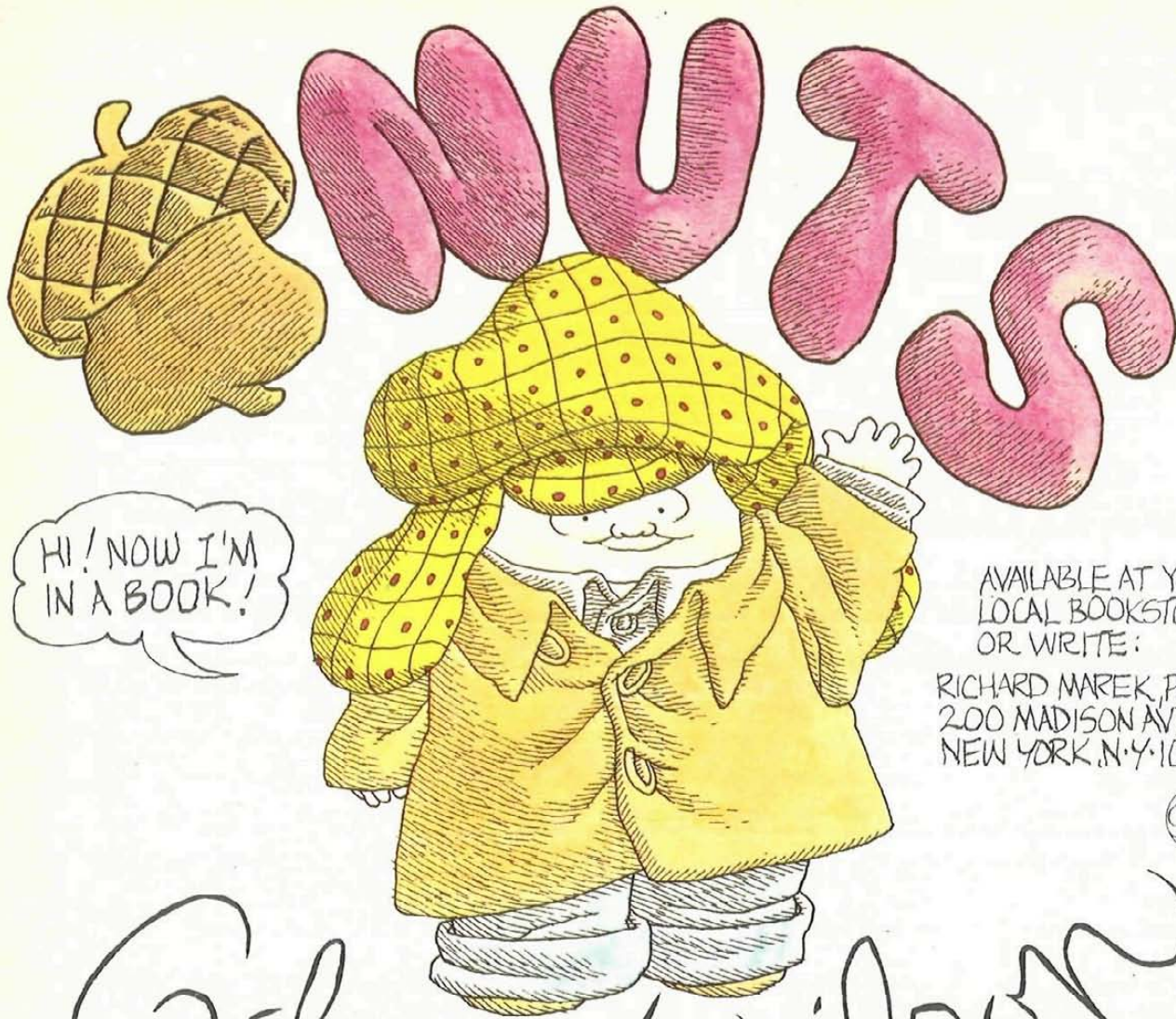
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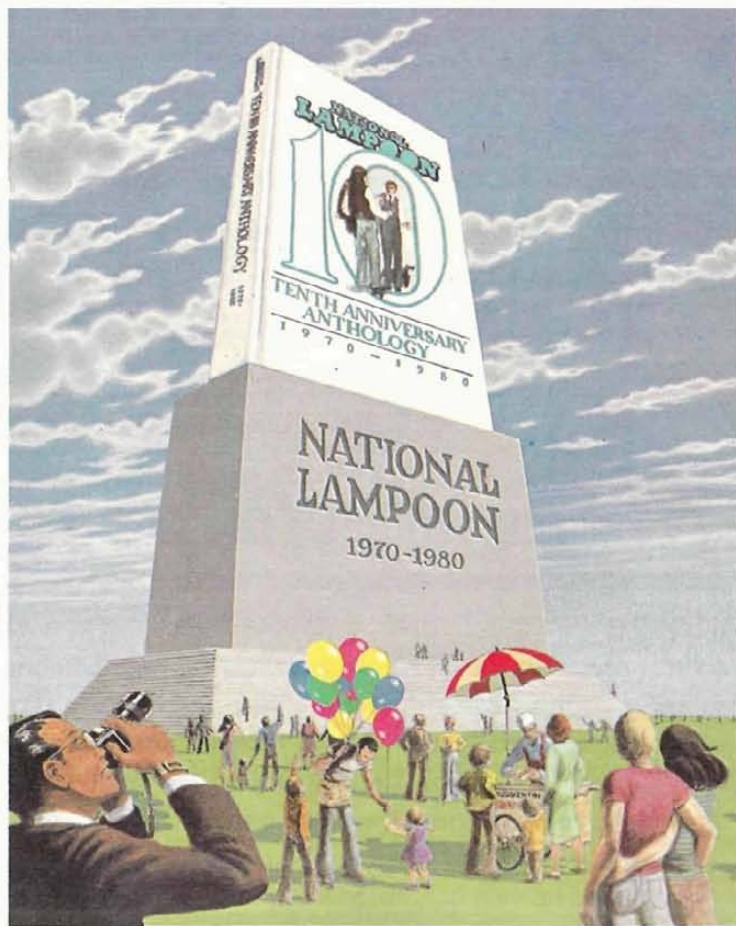


# Caham Wilson

REMEMBER HOW CONFUSING IT WAS, BEING A LITTLE KID? REMEMBER TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF THE WEIRD RULES GROWN-UPS MADE YOU FOLLOW? REMEMBER MODEL AIRPLANES AND YOUR FAVORITE COMIC BOOK HERO, AND CROSSING VACANT LOTS, AND EATING CANDY THAT MADE YOUR TEETH HURT? REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES YOU WONDERED WHETHER YOU'D DIE OF SOME KID DISEASE, OR WHETHER YOU'D LIVE TO ACTUALLY GROW UP AND NOT HAVE TO RUN DUMB ERRANDS FOR YOUR MOTHER AND LEARN BORING STUFF AT SCHOOL? REMEMBER HOW SMALL YOU WERE AND HOW BRAVE YOU HAD TO BE TO GET THROUGH IT ALL?

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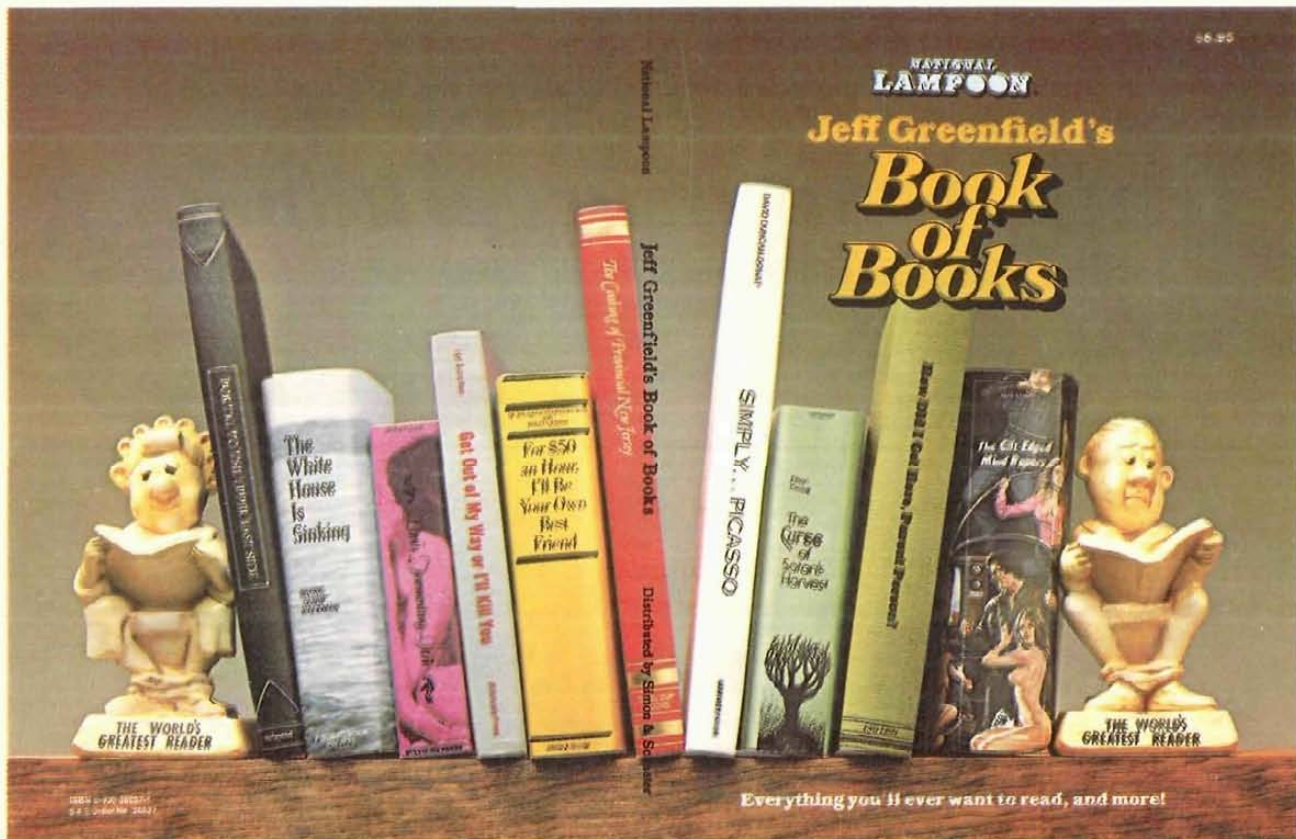
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## Classics

The following jokes and anecdotes are lifted from a body of literature generally termed "classical." This is what made the ancient Greeks and Romans laugh. Really.

● Cicero, on the way back to the city of Rome from service in the province of Sicily, met a friend. Thinking that he had filled all of Rome with the fame and glory of his achievements, he asked the man: "What are people in Rome saying about what I've done? What do they think of it?" The man replied: "I didn't know that you were away!" Plutarch, *Cicero* 6

● Lucius Gellius, who was about the oldest of the senators, declared that a certain measure would never pass so long as he lived. "Let us wait, then," said Cicero, "since Gellius does not ask us to postpone things for long." Plutarch, *Cicero* 26

● Then there was a young man who was suspected of having given a poisoned cake to his father. This young man put on a very bold air and said that he proposed to give Cicero a bit of his mind. "I would much prefer it," said Cicero, "to a bit of your cake." Plutarch, *Cicero* 26

● There was an occasion too when, in a quarrel with Cicero, Metellus Nepos asked him repeatedly, "Who is your father?" "I can scarcely ask you the same question," Cicero replied, "since your mother has made it rather a difficult one to answer." Plutarch, *Cicero* 26

● And when Faustus, the son of the Sulla who...had published those long lists of people condemned to die, had

run through most of his fortune and, having got into debt, published a list of his household goods which were for sale, Cicero said: "I like this sort of advertising. It is better than his father's." Plutarch, *Cicero* 27

● Timon the Athenian hermit sometimes admitted Apemantus into his presence, since the two had much in common, and Apemantus sometimes tried to model his way of life upon Timon's. On one occasion...Apemantus remarked, "Timon, what an excellent party we are having!" "We would be," Timon retorted, "if you were not here." Plutarch, *Antony* 70

● There is another story that when the Athenians were holding a public assembly, Timon mounted the rostra, and this in itself was such an extraordinary event that the audience immediately fell silent and strained their ears to catch what he would say. Then Timon announced: "I have a small plot of building land, men of Athens, and on it stands a fig tree. Many of my fellow citizens have al-

ready hanged themselves on its branches, but as I propose to build a house on the site, I thought it best to give public notice, so that if any of you are anxious to hang yourselves, you may do so before the tree is cut down." Plutarch, *Antony* 70

● One of the Emperor Vespasian's favorite servants applied for a stewardship on behalf of a man whose brother he claimed to be. "Wait," Vespasian told him, and had the candidate brought in for a private interview. "How much commission would you have paid my servant?" he asked. The man mentioned a sum. "You may pay it directly to me," said Vespasian, giving him the stewardship. When the servant brought the matter up again, Vespasian's advice was: "Go and find another brother. The one you mistook for your own turns out to be mine!" Suetonius, *Vespasian* 23

● Titus, son of Vespasian, complained of the tax which Vespasian had imposed on the contents of the City uri-

nals (used by fullers to clean woolens). Vespasian handed him a coin which had been part of the first day's proceeds: "Does it smell bad, my son?" he asked. "No, Father!" "That's odd: it comes straight from the urinal!" Suetonius, *Vespasian* 23

● Mistress to cook: Do the shopping. Be sure you get enough for three. Cook: Who are they? Mistress: I, Menaechmus, and that scrounger of his. Cook: That makes ten. Plautus, *Menaechmi* 220-22

● Stranger in town: I'm looking for a man around here, a dirty, lying, thieving lawbreaker. Man he accosted (to himself): He means me. Plautus, *Pseudolus* 974-975

● Guest: Innkeeper, let's reckon up the bill. Innkeeper: One pint of wine and bread, one *as*. Food, two *asses*. Guest: Correct. Innkeeper: Girl, eight *asses*; hay for the mule, two *asses*. Guest: That mule will be the death of me! Anonymous stone relief

### A PAIR OF GREEK GEMS

● "What is this you tell me? He's married? Why, the last time I saw him, he was alive and well." Antiphanes (fragment 221)

● Husband to wife who has just returned: And where have you come from? Wife: Not from a lover; I'll have you know. And you can prove it. Husband: How? Wife: Smell my hair. No perfume. Husband: Can't a woman have sex without perfume? Wife: I certainly couldn't. Aristophanes, *Women in Parliament*, 520-26

Research compiled by Larissa Bonfante, Chairman, Department of Classics, New York University.



Plutarch, *Antony* 70

T

## FOLK HUMOR

E

## Girl Laughs

Thousands of American women enjoy the "Letter of Laughter," a regular feature in the syndicated newspaper column "Hints from Heloise." The seven letters of laughter below appeared between September 1978 and May 1979.

Dear Heloise:

Recently, a wonderful lady wrote in to you giving many good uses for old panty hose, and it took me back quite a few years ago. I had a good chuckle remembering my use for panty hose.

We had just moved into our new home and the clothes dryer had not yet been vented, so needing to use it badly, the only thing I could think of was to tape a pair of panty hose (by the waist) around the vent pipe to catch the lint.

It worked beautifully, and you should have seen the look on the serviceman's face when he found two firmly packed legs behind the dryer.

—LUCIA GRIFFIN

Dear Heloise:

Did you ever make a batch or two of cookies and end up eating too many before they were put away? Give your face and waistline a break! Apply a facial mask before baking the cookies and don't take it off until they are all put safely away.

—CLARICE LUND

Yes, I can see where it would be awfully hard to eat with a stiff face! —HELOISE

Dear Heloise:

Love your column about leaving clothes on the line overnight to soften them. Not only that, but they smelled so sweet besides.

I was thinking how great it was until I spied a sheet that a bird had spotted. Had to wash it over.

Oh, well! I'm just glad cows can't fly.

—JUDY CRANE

Dear Heloise:

Whenever my "family"

goes out to dinner, they carry a picture of me in their wallet.

When dinner is over and they are asking for a doggie bag, they show the waiter my hungry-looking picture and I always get a few extra scraps in the bag.

Don't you think they are great? —"MAX"

Sure do, hon. I always said that if I was reincarnated, I wanted to come back as my Chihuahua, Tequila. Boy, is she spoiled.

—HELOISE

Dear Heloise:

It's really strange how my memory leaves me when I go into a grocery store.

And returns again so quickly when I enter my kitchen door!

—L.V.

Dear Heloise:

During my lifetime, up to now, I have been hauled in an ambulance six times for a distance of about 90 miles each time.

Every time they have loaded me in head first. Why not feet first?

In case of a head-on collision, I would much rather have my feet up front, than to have my head up there!

—LLOYD SMITH

Yeah, but what about a rear-end collision—then what are you going to do?

—HELOISE

Dear Heloise:

While camping one year, we had a teenage niece staying with us.

Being her first time in our camper, and having to get up in the night to go to the bathroom, she called out to me, "Auntie, where's the light switch?"

I replied, "There is no light."

Then she said, "You mean I have to go by memory?"

To this day we still chuckle about her, although now she's a mother with her own family.

—YVETTE MOREAU

## British Kilt Gaés

There are entire bodies of folk humor built around unusual dress, as exemplified by this sampler of British "comic cards."



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Research by Susan Hoffman

# Oversized, Crossbred, and Ass-Biting Animal Mail

Americans have been sending these postcards to one another since the turn of the century.

## GIANT FISH



Obverse: *One of the small ones.* Reverse: *The big one got away.*



Obverse: *It's a fine kettle of fish.* Reverse: *Finest ever caught in these parts.*



Obverse: *Fur-bearing trout.* Reverse: *Rarest of all known fish.*



Obverse: *Saw a fair-sized trout here today.* Reverse: *They grow big here.*



Reverse: *The big one that got away.*



Reverse: *This will give you some idea of the fish we catch here.*

## GIANT RABBITS



Obverse: *When we go after anything in Oklahoma, we get it.*



Reverse: *It is not unusual to break these big fellows and use them for ranch work.*

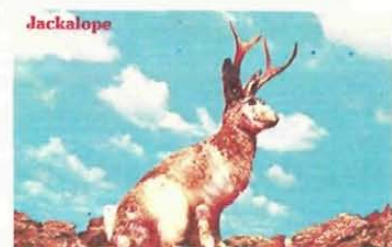


Obverse: *Cattle punching on a jack rabbit.*

## JACKALOPE



Obverse: *Jackalope.* Reverse: *Rarest animal in North America.*



Obverse: *Jackalope.* Reverse: *Also called the antelabbit.*



Reverse: *Jackalope used in cattle round-ups are dependable and easily trained.*

## RASCALLY ALLIGATORS



Obverse: *Warning: Don't feed the alligators.*



Obverse: *Wow! We alligators do have fun in Florida!*



Obverse: *In a tight place.*

Research by Bill Moseley

## Chinese "Laugh Talk"

*In Chinese, jokes are called "laugh talk" or, presumably when they are published in humor magazines, "laugh printed matter." According to George Kao, author of Chinese Wit and Humor, the jokes that appear below have been handed down from generation to generation, varied somewhat through centuries of embellishment, yet remain essentially true to their original form. Kao indicates that physical and mental defects, bookish scholars, quack doctors, unctuous priests, and thieving cooks have traditionally been preferred targets for the Chinese, as well as greedy guests, miserly hosts, blundering sons-in-law, and henpecked husbands.*

● A father wanted to teach his young son a word, so he wrote it out for him on a piece of paper. A day later, while the son was watching his father mop a table, the father rewrote the word with a corner of the mop on the table. "Do you remember what this word is?" he asked the lad. The boy did not know. "Why, this is the same word I taught you yesterday," the father said. "It has grown much bigger overnight," the son answered with wide eyes.

● A cook, who habitually stole food from his employer, was chopping a piece of beef in his own home when, at an opportune moment, he hid a slice in his lap. His wife saw this and reprimanded him. "Why did you do it?" she snapped. "You stole your own meat." "Oh, I forgot," the cook said.

● After a devious and incompetent physician killed one of his patients, the bereaved family tied him up, gagged him, and set him adrift in a leaky boat. However, the doctor managed to wriggle free from the ropes and swim ashore. When he arrived home, the doctor found his son deeply engrossed in a medical tome. "Don't bother studying medi-

cine, my boy," the doctor advised. "It's better that you learn how to swim."

● A man rode his horse a great distance to visit a friend. Although the host's house was filled with a great number of plump ducks and chickens, he told his caller it was impossible to ask him to stay for dinner because there was nothing in the place to eat. Hearing this, the visitor borrowed a knife and offered to kill his own horse for dinner.

● A future son-in-law asked his fiancée's father the amount of her dowry. "Fifty thousand dollars," the man replied. "But I will hold the money in safekeeping for the time being. As soon as I die it will be hers." "About when will that be?" the future son-in-law wanted to know.

● A man asked a friend to stay for tea, only to discover later that he had no tea leaves. While the man went to a neighbor's to borrow some tea leaves, the water in the pot boiled over several times. His wife kept adding more water until the big kettle was nearly full. When the man returned empty-handed from his neighbor's, his wife said to him in de-

spair, "This guest is such a close friend, we might as well have him stay for a bath."

● There was a man who offered a jug of wine and a dish of cheese as a sacrifice to the spirit of the Tai Mountain. When a dog appeared at the ceremony, the man ordered his young servant to put the food away quickly. The boy carried off the wine, but by the time he returned for the cheese, the dog had eaten it. "You fool," the master shouted. "Why didn't you take the cheese first? You know the dog doesn't drink."

● There was an alcoholic who dreamed he discovered a jug of cold wine. He was about to warm it up and drink it when he was awakened by his wife. "I should have had it cold," he said with deep regret.

● A henpecked husband, while gazing at the portrait of his shrewish, recently deceased wife, thought of her hateful manner when she was alive. As he made a gesture threatening to hit her, the painting was suddenly stirred by a passing breeze. The man was petrified. He unclenched his fist and said, "Oh, I was only kidding."

● There were two brothers who bought a single pair of

shoes with the intention of sharing them. The oldest brother wore the shoes all day and had a wonderful time. To get even, the younger brother put on the shoes at night and paced his floor. When the shoes wore out, the older brother suggested they buy another pair of shoes together. "Nothing doing," the younger brother said. "I need to get some sleep."

● A man stole an ox and was made to wear a large wooden collar for punishment. When a friend asked what he had done, the thief said, "I was just walking along the street when I saw this grass rope on the ground. Thinking it had been abandoned, I picked it up and took it home. Then, they arrested me." "What's wrong with picking up a grass rope?" the friend wanted to know. "Well," the thief replied, "there was something else tied to the rope." "What was that?" asked the friend. The thief answered, "A very small ox."

● A man wore a very heavy wool hat on a hot summer day. He soon became overheated, so he paused under a tree, removed his hat, and fanned himself with it. When a passerby approached, the man commented to him cheerfully, "It's a good thing I wore this hat today; otherwise the heat would have gotten to me."

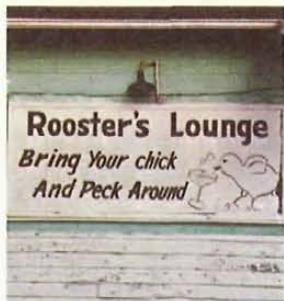
## A GRANDFATHER, SON, AND GRANDSON JOKE.



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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in National Lampoon is fictional. Except the ads.

# FOLK HUMOR



Story Sloan, Houston, Tex.



Mike Meisenheimer, Tulsa, Okla.



J. J. Heller, Boca Raton, Fla.



Debra Myerent, Chicago, Ill.



Albin Sadar, Pittsburgh, Pa.



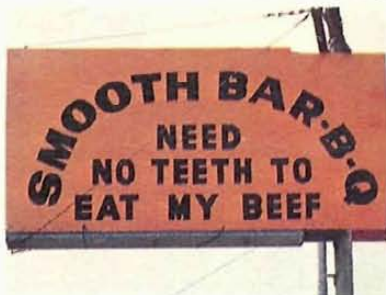
R. Garbros, Clifton, N.J.



R. J. Proctor, Hammond, Ind.



Susan Hoffman, Dallas, Tex.



Susan Hoffman, Dallas, Tex.



Susan Hoffman, Dallas, Tex.



Michael Vesart, Albuquerque, N. Mex.



Mike Gordon, Anchorage, Alaska



Ben Ellard, Ridgefield Park, N.J.



M. Skinner, St. Louis, Mo.



Tom Corcoran, Key West, Fla.

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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 91

you should talk to Shannon's parents and get their approval!"

"Donna, I can't believe this!"

"Talk to them. I don't see why they would object. You have so much to offer. You're kind, considerate, and you get along with young people, although I have to say that I'm a little disappointed that you would give drugs to Shannon. I think that's a little irresponsible. Sex never hurt anyone, but drugs are another question."

Dan's father-in-law walked up to Dan's car with a cardboard tray loaded with food and drinks.

"Hiya, Danny Boy," the old man said. "This your new girl friend?" He leaned over and looked in the window. "Hi, there! I'm Bill Munson, Donna's dad."

"Hi! I'm Shannon!"

"Can I get you a hamburger or something? You must be hungry. It looks like Danny Boy really gave you a workout," the old man sniggered.

"Dad!" Donna said. "Don't embarrass them!"

"Just laying it on a little thick, funnin' with the gal! See you this weekend Danny Boy." He clapped Dan on the shoulder with his free hand and winked. "She's a real sweetie!"

"I have to go dear," Dan's wife said as she gave him a peck on the cheek. "You follow Shannon home and talk to her parents. I've called them and they're expecting you. Okay?"

"What?"

"Just go, it's all right."

"Wait a minute, Donna," Dan called. "Donna? How did you know about all this?"

She laughed. "You talk in your sleep!"

Mr. Munson beeped the horn as he backed out. Jenny, Dan's little girl, threw him a kiss as she coughed into her hankie. Shannon let out a squeal and threw her arms around Dan's neck. "It's okay! We can be lovers! Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!"

Dan thought perhaps that the entire evening was just an intricate and especially realistic nightmare that would end shortly in a Sam Peckinpahesque blood shower. He would wake screaming and sweating and would sit in the living room for the rest of the night swearing off garlic.

Dan followed the expensive little taillights as they weaved and bobbed back and forth across the highway under the command of the newly licensed driver—his lover. The car

pulled into the driveway of a solid, sturdy brick Georgian house with a tiered lawn and an iron fence. The fence alone would eat two years of Dan's gas company salary.

"What the screaming hell am I doing?" Dan asked himself as he sat in his car looking out at the house and Shannon standing on the lawn waving her arms. He took a long, empty puff on his Carlton and flicked it into the street. "This is madness," he said, stepping out of the car. "If I get my head blown off, well ... I deserve it."

Shannon jumped up on Dan as he climbed the porch steps. She licked his ear and whispered, "Maybe you can sleep over and we can fuckfuckfuckfuck!"

The front door swung open. An older man, older than Dan's own father, stood with his hands on his hips. Dan swallowed. "Good, no pistol in either hand," he said to himself.

"You must be Shannon's fella. Dan, is it?" the man said, offering his hand.

"Yes, sir. Dan Mallowmar."

"Come on in and meet Mrs. Phelps."

continued

# Power!

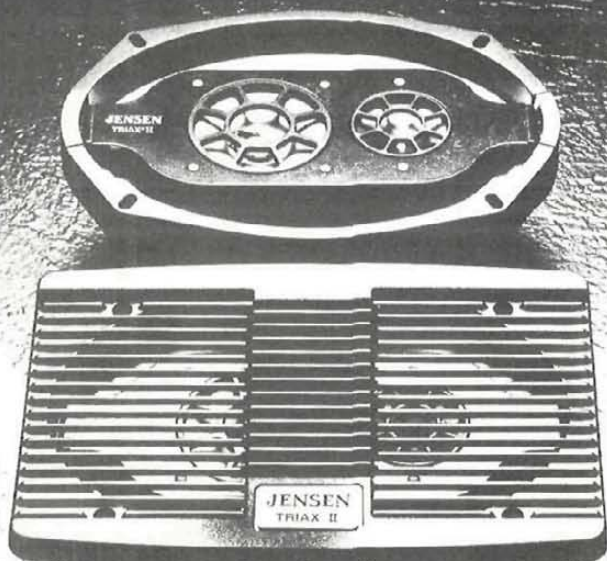
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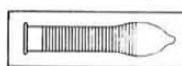


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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

*continued*

Dan followed the old man into an expensive living room straight off a page from *Architectural Digest*.

"Hi, Mommy!" Shannon ran over and kissed a stunning, heart-stopping beauty standing beside the fireplace holding a glass of amber fluid. "This is Dan. I met his wife and his grandfather!"

"Hello," Dan said in a squeaky voice. He coughed to cover the gaffe. "Excuse me."

"This is Dan Mallowmar, Trish," Mr. Phelps said. "Dan, can I fix you a drink?"

"Ah, well, sure, a Scotch?"

"Is Chivas all right?" Mr. Phelps said. "I'm out of the good stuff."

"Fine, fine."

"Can I have a drink, Daddy?" Shannon asked.

"No, you may not!" Mr. Phelps said sharply. "A little slip of a girl like you with a booze in her hand? Never in this house!"

"Shannon speaks of you very often," Mrs. Phelps said. "She's fond of you. May I call you Dan?"

"Yes, of course, sure, fine."

"Shannon has a short attention span when it comes to boys, Dan. With the exception of you, of course. She's stuck to you like glue, if you'll pardon the cliché."

"You'd think you were a rock musician, the way she acts!" Mr. Phelps chuckled, handing the Chivas to Dan. "Thank goodness you're not. Where do you work?"

"Citizen's Gas and Power."

"Good firm. Good. That's good. I'd hate to have my daughter in the hairy arms of some musical ape." He looked at his watch. "Please don't think me a party pooper, but I've got to get to bed; I have a board meeting in the morning. Just let me say, Mr. Mallowmar, that you're welcome here, you're welcome to our daughter. We're just tickled to death that you and she get along so well. Since she's been seeing you, why, her grades are up, up, up! Goodnight!"

The old man polished off his drink, set the empty glass on the table, and left the room. Mrs. Phelps motioned for Dan to come sit beside her on the couch. Shannon sat cross-legged on the floor in front of Dan and rested her head on his knee.

"I share my husband's sentiments," Mrs. Phelps said as she tossed her head, sending shivers of blond hair washing across her face. She was Shan-

non but with a deeper beauty: the roundness of youth replaced by the carefully defined angles of age. Dan saw Jane Fonda's mouth as he watched Mrs. Phelps speak. "Since you've come along, she's a new girl. Thank you very much."

"I don't know what to say except that I'm very fond of Shannon, too," Dan said clumsily.

"Well, I'd love to chat, but I think it's time for this little one to get ready for bed. It's a school night," Mrs. Phelps said, stroking Shannon's Pantene-clean hair.

"I really should be going, too," Dan said, rising from the couch.

"Nonsense," Mrs. Phelps said. "Why don't you stay and give Shannon a bath? You haven't met my other daughters, either."

Dan ran the bar of soap from the small of Shannon's back to the nape of her neck. She lifted a handful of bubbles and gently blew them up over the head of her sister, Cara. The bubbles landed on the shoulder of her other sister, Kelly.

"Wash my front!" Kelly said.

"How old are you, Kelly?" Dan asked as he flicked an ash into the toilet.

"I'm fifteen."

"We're not fifteen yet. Next week," Cara, Kelly's identical twin, said.

"Well, happy birthday!" Dan said.

The door opened a crack. "Shannon?" a small voice said.

"Mia!" Shannon answered. "Come on in and meet Dan."

The door opened slowly and a tall, willowy Oriental girl stood naked except for a gold locket around her neck.

"Hi, I'm seventeen," the girl said.

"Mia's adopted," Shannon explained. "But she's cool. She's from Japan."

"Glad to meet you. Join the party!"

Dan said as he stepped aside and let the fourth girl squeeze into the sunken marble tub.

"You have to come in too!" Mia purred.

"I can't, really," Dan said. He dropped his cigarette in the toilet.

"We want to wash you!" Cara said. "It's not fair that you just wash us!"

"Dan, you better come in," Shannon advised.

"Okay, okay," Dan laughed. He unzipped his fly and stepped out of his pants. He unbuttoned his shirt.

"Look how cute his tummy is," Kelly giggled. "It has hair!"

"Look what else he has!" Cara exclaimed.

*continued on page 103*



## DIRTY JOKES

*continued from page 73*

The bright, cheerful, sociable people who think "a clean joke is the best joke" have often been observed to shine their shoes with shit. Which raises an important point.\*

### LOOSELY CONNECTED PARAGRAPHS

The technique of writing loosely connected paragraphs separated by subheads, like that of writing only in lowercase, has fallen into disuse. Once considered hard-hitting, punchy, and an easy way to hold the interest of deadheads with attention spans as brief as the "duhs" they ejaculate when viewing network game shows, it is now more widely considered to be the cheap device of a man behind in his work.

**THE END** (Look, don't print this note, just print *The End* in the same typeface as the rest of the subheads. I swear to Christ, if you print this note and the members of the neutro-orthodox realist impressionist radicals club find out I'm what we call a bourgeois formalist, I'll loose my cachet, and without cachet what is a man? said Ernest Hemingway in the spare, economical style he made famous, being aware, as he was of everything, of the price of ink.)

### PRINT THAT, BUT DRAW A "DELETE" SYMBOL AROUND IT

But don't print this. No kidding, don't print this. If this got printed, my mother would think I was into crypto-absurdist, world-within-world, curtain-behind-curtain crap, and Dad would leave the airplane factories to the Mormon church 'cause he figures I've got it in for them. He was in Paris in the twenties, and he punched out Gert Stein and Al Toklas for just this sort of thing.

**NOT KIDDING** I'm not kidding. The art department who lays this stuff out, even though their brains are in their fingers, knows that readers rapidly become bored, disgusted, and finally nauseated with self-indulgent crap like

\*The original confusion between "Shinola," a leather preservative that imparts a decorative gloss to footwear, and "shit" began on "Meeting of Minds," a TV show written by Steve Allen for the Public Broadcasting System. After heated debate, the consensus of host Allen and guests was that both were excellent sandwich spreads but Shinola made your breath smell.

this even though ironically they pay \$4.50 to see Woody Allen do it in the movies and our cover price is only \$1.50.

**YES YES** I know all these arguments that space must be filled. Okay. You asked for it. It's you who wouldn't stop printing the stuff, remember that. ATTENTION PSYCHOPATHS CRIMINALS LUNATICS MANIACS DEVIATES GOONS BOOGERBITERS DEADHEADS HUMAN ABSCESSSES THE ENVIOUS AND HATEFUL THE WRETCHED AND THOSE POSSESSED BY VIOLENT DREAMS AND DELUSIONS, TOM SNYDER. HERE IS A LIST OF THE ADDRESSES AND PHONE NUMBERS OF THE EDITORS AND ART STAFF OF THE NATIONAL LAM

### DIURNAL SUBMISSION

*Beneath the spreading chestnut tree  
The village idiot sat,  
He rolled his eyes and flapped his lips  
And jerked off in his hat.*

—Edna St. Louis Missouri

## COUCH-TIME STORIES

*continued from page 102*

"Girls?" Mrs. Phelps said. She knocked on the opened door. Dan grabbed a towel and held it up to his naked body. Mrs. Phelps smiled and studied Dan through half-closed eyes. She closed the door and let her robe spill from her smooth, white shoulders. "I hate to waste water," she laughed, reaching over to kiss Dan on the cheek. "Make us all happy," she whispered.

There was hardly any room for Dan in the tub, but somehow he managed to squeeze in between the warm, wet women. What followed was, as Dan tells his friends to this day, "more fun than you could ever imagine."

### BY THE WAY

*...And what rough beast, its half-life  
come round at last,  
Slouches toward Bethlehem,  
Pennsylvania, to be born?*

—William Upstairs Maid Yeats

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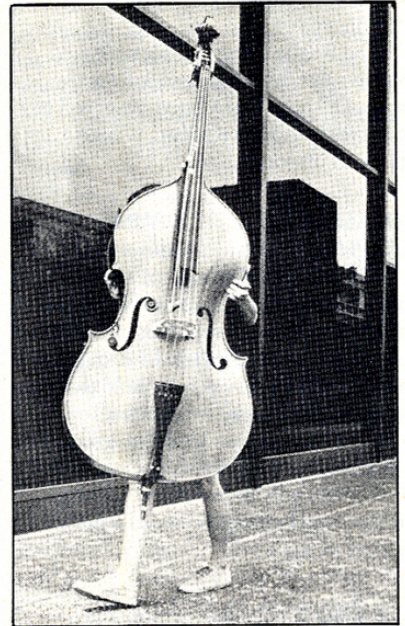
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I must know how to become a campus movie mogul without going to USC Film School.

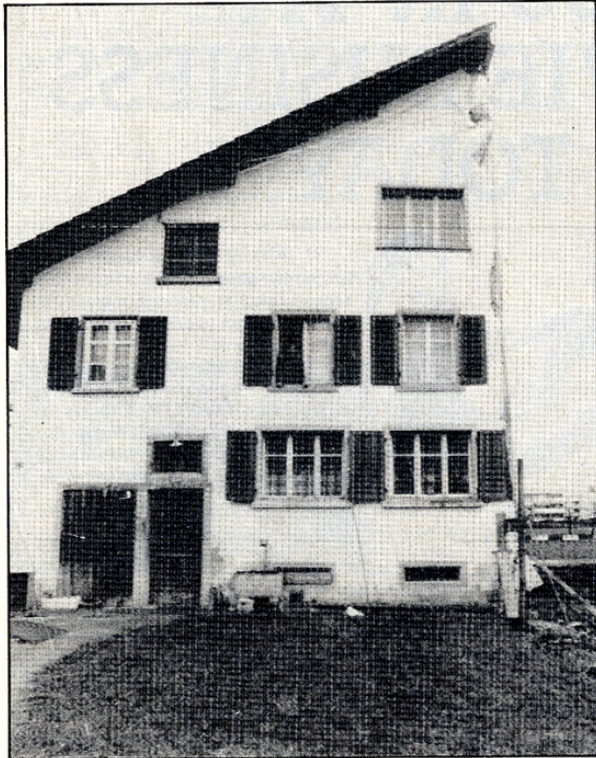
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**Mexico City, Mexico** Enrico Suarez, leader of a religious sect called the Church of Holy Mud, holds a public demonstration of his mud services. The followers of Suarez believe that the body should always be swathed in a heavy layer of mud, which will protect it from all disease and danger. When the mud hardens, it also becomes an article of clothing, and can be painted in bright colors.



**New York, New York** Max Crowley, thirty-two, carries his bass into Lincoln Center to play a concert with the world's first all-nude jazz band, the Sunshine Boys and Girls. The band got its start at the Sunshine Nudist Colony in Vermont. It received such critical acclaim that it was booked into New York's famous cultural center and will also appear in the Newport Jazz Festival in 1980.



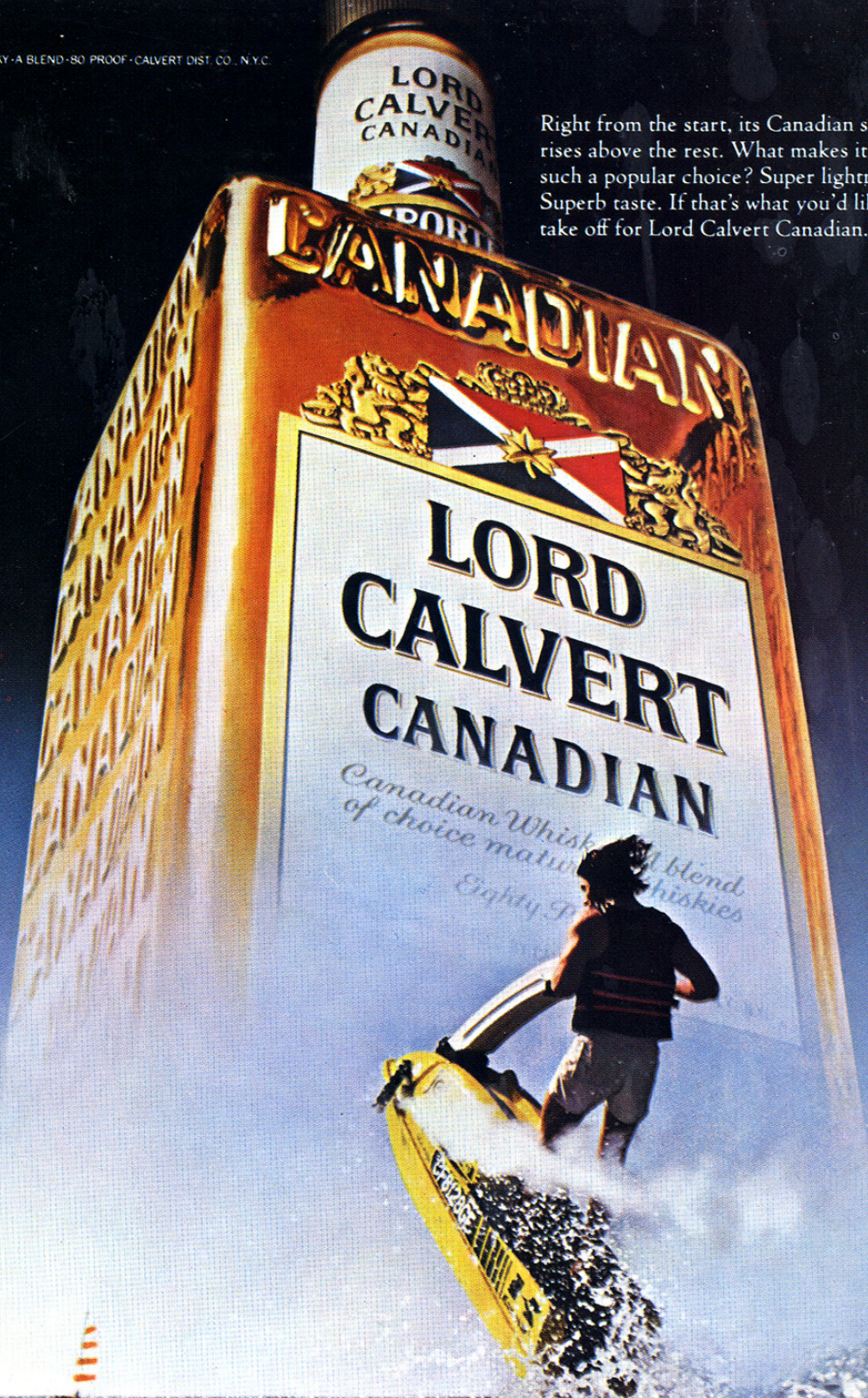
**Dallas, Texas** Lamar DeMoyne, forty-two, owner of a local bar and grill, was so infuriated by his ex-wife's alimony and property settlement demands that he split their commonly owned house in half and took his share with him. He did it in one night, while his ex-wife was away on a vacation.



**Spokane, Washington** Bruce McFee, a retired podiatrist, plans to beat the energy shortage with his own invention, the "gasball," a six-foot, built-in auxiliary tank made of a lightweight, highly durable plastic. McFee claims the tank is "perfectly safe" and can hold up to 500 gallons of gas. It is permanently welded to the car.

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YOU'RE DUE  
FOR SOME GOOD TASTE!!

SO HAVE A  
BUDWEISER.!

YEAH...WHY DO YOU  
THINK THEY CALL US  
TASTEBUDS, ANYWAY?

I DUNNO...  
ANYBODY OUT THERE  
WANTA BUY  
A '68 CHEVY?

*the*  
**TASTEBUDS**

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